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TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR

1858.

VOL. VI.

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laoiṫe Fiannuiṡheaċṫa.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL,
FOR THE USE OF THE MEMBERS.
1861.

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Laoithe Fiannuigheachta;

OR,

FENIAN POEMS,

Second Series,

EDITED BY

JOHN O'DALY.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY,

By JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEY-STREET.

1861

PRINTED BY GOODWIN, SON AND NETHERCOTT, 79, MARLBOROUGH STREET, DUBLIN.

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Subscriptions (5s. per annum) are received by any member of the Council, and by the Honorary Secretary, with whom the publications of the Society lie for distribution, and from whom prospectuses can be obtained.

GENERAL RULES.

1. That the Society shall be called the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, and that its object shall be the publication of Irish Manuscripts relating to the Fenian period of our history, and other historical documents, with literal translations and notes.

2. That the management of the Society shall be vested in a President, Vice-presidents, and Council, each of whom must necessarily be an Irish scholar. The President, Vice-presidents, and Council of the Society shall be elected annually by the members, at a General Meeting, to be held on the Seventeenth Day of March, the Anniversary of the Society, or on the following Monday, in case St. Patrick's Day shall fall on a Sunday. Notice of such meeting being given by public advertisement, inviting all the members to attend.

3. That the President and Council shall have power to elect a Treasurer and Secretary from the Members of the Council.

4. The receipts and disbursements of the Society shall be audited annually by two Auditors, elected by the Council; and the Auditors' Report shall be published and distributed among the members.

5. In the absence of the President or Vice-President, the Members of Council present shall be at liberty to appoint a Chairman, who will not thereby lose his right to vote. Three members of the Council to form a quorum.

6. The funds of the Society shall be disbursed in payment of expenses incident to discharging the liabilities of the Society, especially in the publication department, and no avoidable expenses shall be incurred.

7. Every member shall be entitled to receive ONE COPY of the Society's Publications; and twenty extra copies of each work shall be printed for contingencies.

8. The funds of the Society shall be lodged in Bank, in the name of the President, Secretary, and Treasurer of the Society, or any three members the Council may deem proper to appoint.

9. The Council shall have power to elect additional members, and fill vacancies in its own body.

10. Members of Council residing at an inconvenient distance from Dublin shall be at liberty to vote by proxy at elections.

11. Membership shall be constituted by the annual payment of Five Shillings, which sum shall become due on the 1st of January in each year.

12. The OSSIANIC SOCIETY shall publish every year one volume, or more, if their funds enable them.

13. No change shall be made in these Rules, except at a General Meeting, and at the recommendation of the Council; the proposer and seconder of any motion for such change, shall lodge a notice of their intention in writing, with the Secretary, twenty clear days before the day of General Meeting.

14. That all matters relating to the Religious and Political differences prevailing in this country, be strictly excluded from the meetings and publications of the Society.

EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT,

READ ON THE 17TH DAY OF MARCH, 1861.

THE Ossianic Society, founded in 1853, has now published five volumes of Finnian Records, which otherwise had remained hidden from public knowledge.

The Council are gratified to have to state that their endeavours have been responded to with laudable eagerness, both in this country and elsewhere.

Last year they were able to reckon seven hundred and forty-six Members; this year that number has increased to eight hundred and thirty-three. Besides this, they are happy to record that the affiliated Society of New York, under the management of distinguished Irish Scholars, already numbers one hundred and sixty Members.

In order to obviate inconveniences, the Council desire emphatically to impress upon all Members the necessity of forwarding their Subscriptions immediately when called upon.

Numerous Members, by a reprehensible want of promptitude in answering the circulars announcing that a work was published and their Subscriptions due, have caused grave inconvenience to the Society. They have increased by a considerable amount the working expenses (as the account shows), and thus converted into waste what would otherwise have been applied to publish our country's ancient literature.

This fact will account for delays in our yearly publications.

The Council have, therefore, decided that all defaulters' names be struck off the rolls; and all Members, who have not paid up their last year's Subscription before the publication of our next volume, be excluded from the Society.

The Council cannot advise the printing of another work until the debt, though small, now due, be obliterated. This debt arises solely from the dilatory conduct of a few Members.

It has been proposed by some Members of this Society, and decided by the Council, that Members so desiring shall be enabled to become Life Members on payment of Five Pounds.

It has been furthermore ruled, that the number of Life Members be limited to twenty.

BOOKS PRINTED BY THE SOCIETY.

I. Cáṫ Gabhra; or, the Prose and Poetical Account of the Battle of Gabhra (Garristown), in the county of Dublin, fought A.D., 283, between Cairbre Liffeachair, king of Leinster, and the Fenian Forces of Ireland, in which the latter were conquered, and their ranks finally broken up. Edited by NICHOLAS O'KEARNEY. *(Out of print.)**

II. Feis Tíge Chonain Chinn Shléibe; or, The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann Sleibhe, a romantic hill which is situated on the borders of the Lake of Inchiquin, in the county of Clare. Edited by N. O'KEARNEY. *(Out of print.)*

This document contains a colloquy between Fionn and Conan, in which much light is thrown on the Ancient Topography of Munster; and also on the Habits and Customs of the Fenian Chieftains.

III. Tóruigeacht Diarmuda Ui Duibne agus Gráinne ingíon Chormuic meic Airt; or, An Account of the Pursuit of Diarmuid O'Duibhne and Grace the daughter of Cormac Mac Airt, Monarch of Ireland in the Third Century, who was married to Fionn Mac Cumhaill, from whom she eloped with Diarmuid. To them are ascribed the Leaba Caillighes (Hags' Beds), so numerous in Ireland. Edited by STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY.

IV Laoiche Fiannuigheachta; or, Finnian Poems. Edited by JOHN O'DALY, *Honorary Secretary.*

V. Imtheachta na Tromdhaimhe; or, The Proceedings of the Great Bardic Institution. Edited by PROFESSOR CONNELLAN, Queen's College, Cork, from the Book of Lismore, a manuscript of the XIV. Century.

VI. Laoiche Fiannuigheachta; or, Finnian Poems, *Second Series.* Edited by JOHN O'DALY.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION.

I. Tain bó Chuailgne; or, the Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgne (Cooley) in the county of Louth, being a History of the Seven Year's War between Ulster and Connaught; in the reign of Meadhbh, Queen of Connaught, and Conchobhar Mac Nessa, king of Ulster, on account of the famous bull called *Donn Chuailgne;* and which terminated, according to Roderick O'Flaherty, the Irish chronologist, one year before the Christian era. To be edited by WILLIAM HACKETT.

This very ancient and curious tract comprises three hundred closely-written folios, and contains many interesting details of Mythological Incidents, Pillar Stones, Ogham Inscriptions, Tulachs, War Chariots, Leanan Sighes, Mice and Cat Incantations. Together with an account of the Mysterious War Weapon used by Cuchullainn, called *Gai Bolg;* also Some Account of the early Christian Missionaries in Ireland, and the privileges enjoyed by the chief bard.

II. Agallamh na Seanórach; or, The Dialogue of the Sages: an Historical Work in Prose and Poetry, full of rare information on the achievements of the Fianna Eireann; copied from the Book of Lismore, a vellum manuscript of the Fourteenth Century, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. To be edited by JOHN WINDELE.

* *New Editions of Vols. I. and II., now out of print, will be published as soon as the Council receives* 250 *names to assist in bearing the cost of printing.*

III. Cać Finn Trágha; or, An Account of the Battle fought at Ventry, in the county of Kerry, in the Third Century of the Christian era, between Daire Donn, Monarch of the World, and the Fenians. To be edited by the Rev. James Goodman, A.B.

This Battle lasted for 366 days; the copy at the disposal of the Society is the earliest known to exist, having been copied from a vellum manuscript of the fifteenth century now deposited in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver.

IV. Cać Cnucha; or, The Battle of Castleknock in the county of Dublin, fought A.D. 273, between Conn Ceadchathach, i.e., Conn of the Hundred Battles, and the Clanna Morna; by his victory, in which Conn obtained the Sovereignty of three Provinces in Ireland, viz. Connaught, Ulster, and Leinster. To be edited by Professor O'Mahony.

This tract is copied from a manuscript made by John Murphy of Carrignavar, in the county of Cork, A.D. 1725, and from the fame of the writer as a scribe, no doubt is entertained of the accuracy of the text.

V. A TRACT ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF IRELAND; from the Psalter Mac Richard Butler, otherwise called "*Saltar na Rann*," containing the Derivation of the Names, Local Traditions, and other remarkable circumstances, of the Hills, Mountains, Rivers, Caves, Carns, Rocks, Tulachs, and Monumental Remains of Pagan Ireland, but more especially those connected with the deeds of Fionn Mac Chumhaill. To be edited by Professor Connellan.

Psalter Mac Richard Butler was originally written for Edmond, son of Richard Butler commonly called "Mac Richard," but on his defeat by Thomas, the eighth Earl of Desmond, (who was beheaded in 1467), near the banks of the River Suir, where great numbers of the Butlers' followers were drowned and slain, the book fell into the hands of this Thomas, and was afterwards the property of Sir George Carew, Elizabeth's President of Munster; but finally came into the hands of Archbishop Laud, who bequeathed it to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, where it is now preserved, and the Society have permission to make transcripts of its contents.

VI. A MEMORIAL ON THE DALCASSIAN RACE, and the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172; to which is annexed a Short Essay on the Fenii or Standing Militia of Ireland; also, Remarks on some of the Laws and Customs of the Scoti, or Antient Irish, by the late Chevalier O'Gorman; presented to the Society for publication by J. R. Joly, Esq., LL.D., Rathmines.

These manuscripts contain a list of the several families of the Macnamaras, who were named from the houses or lands of inheritance they severally enjoyed; also a list of the several castles in the baronies of Bunratty and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them.

SOCIETIES IN CONNECTION.

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12. The Surrey Archæological Society. George Bish Webb, Esq., 6, *Southampton-street, Covent Garden, London*, Honorary Secretory.

Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, for the Year ending 1857.

Dr.				£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions received for 1855	...	...	...	2	15	0
— Do. Do. 1856	...	...	...	3	10	0
— Do. Do. 1857	...	...	...	91	15	0
— Balance in Treasurer's hands	...	...	...	0	13	11
Books on hands:—						
203 copies of Vol. III.	...	£50 15 0				
259 do. do. IV.	...	64 15 0				
310 do. do. V.	...	77 10 0				
772 copies, value	...	£193 0 0				
Amount of Printer's Bill for Vol. V.	...	£84 3 10				
Paid on account	...	60 0 0				
		£24 3 10				
				£98	13	11

				£	s.	d
By Cash on account paid Printer	...	...	...	60	0	0
— Paid Binder for binding 750 copies of Volume for 1857	...	...	...	15	12	6
— Wood Engraving	...	...	...	0	10	6
— Stationery	...	...	...	1	0	0
— Postage, Porterage, &c.	...	...	...	6	19	10
— Editor's Stationery	...	...	...	2	10	0
— Rent for the year ending March, 1860	...	...	...	12	0	0
— Balance in hands	...	...	...	0	1	1
				£98	13	11

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THE Collection of Poems which forms the present volume of our Transactions, are exceedingly popular, and completes the Agallamh published in 1856. They are chiefly taken from a large manuscript collection made by Laurence Foran, of Portlaw, county of Waterford, in 1780, which is now in the hands of the Rev. Patrick Meany, C.C. of Ballyknock, Carrick-on-Suir, Honorary Secretary to the "Keating Society," lately organized, and which, we expect, will rescue many a gem that would otherwise perish, and preserve a large quantity of material, which does not come within the sphere of our other existing Societies. We have selected also from a collection made in 1844 by Mr. Martin Griffin, of Kilrush; which now belongs to our late esteemed President, Standish Hayes O'Grady, Esq.; and also from a large volume made about the year 1812, by Clare scribes, for the Rev. Thomas Hill, C.C., of Cooreclare, who presented it to Mr. Blake Foster of Knockmoy Abbey, a gentleman who, taking a warm interest in every thing Irish, kindly lent it to us for copying in 1855. We understand that he has since bestowed it upon his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Mac Hale.

The Council deeply regret that they cannot at this time present the Society with a larger volume. When it is known that out of the list of members appended to our last publication there are no less than *one hundred and ninety-five defaulters*, (whose names are expunged from the present list), who received the Society's circular, apprising

them of the issue of the work—not even once, but twice, and yet did not respond to the call; the reason is very readily seen. This large array of names, which of itself ought to sustain any Society, will be no longer found in the Ossianic ranks.

We make this explanation, in order to set the position of the Society fairly and honestly before a public, that expects wonders at our hands in the shape of large and expensive tomes. In the preparation of these our editors and working staff are willing to undergo any amount of gratuitous labour, provided they be only sustained by those who volunteer to join the Society.

Another volume is nearly prepared; but the Council will not risk its publication until the liabilities incurred by the present one, as well as the arrears due of the last, are paid off.

The Editor must apologize for not illustrating his text more copiously; but when it is understood that the Society's object is fully carried out by the printing of the originals, with translations, he hopes he will not be censured for the omission.

For the kind assistance rendered by Professor O'Curry of the Catholic University, Dr. O'Donovan, Dr. Sigerson, Mr. Windele of Cork, and other members of the Publication Committee, in revising his proofs, the Editor tenders his best thanks.

JOHN O'DALY.

Anglesey-street, Dublin,
September, 1861.

laojthe FJANNUJ5heachta.

Sgiath Shléibhe gCuilinn.[1]

Lá dá raibh Fionn ag fiaċt,
ar an b-faiċċe an Almhuinn[2] úr;
do ċonaic ċuige ann fad ród,
eilit óg ar léim lúċ.

Do ghlaodaigh ar Sgeólan 'r an Bhran,
a'r do léig fead ollta aniaon;
gan fiot do ċáċ fan t-sliabh,
do lean go dian an eilit mhaol.

Ní raibh ag Fionn acht a dá ċoin,
Mac an Loin[3] agus é féin;
a gcómhdáil na h-eilite go dian,
go sliabh Guilinn na rian réidh.

[1] *Sliabh Guilinn*, or more correctly *Sliabh Cuilinn*, called after *Cuillean Ceard*, the foster-father of Cuchullainn, one of the chief heroes of the Red Branch; now the Hill or Mountain of Cullen, where the scene of this poem is laid, situated in the county of Armagh, about five miles from the town of Dundalk; and its extent from base to summit may be computed at about two Irish miles. On its apex is a large carn, or heap of stones, known to the peasantry as the house of the Cailleach Bholtair, in which oral tradition states that Fionn Mac Cumhaill lies buried. At about one hundred paces distant is a circular lake of about one hundred feet in diameter and twenty in depth; at the side of which is another carn or heap, surrounded at all seasons in the year by a beaten path or track which leads to the cailleach or witch's house. It was in this lake that Fionn, in searching for the ring, be-

THE CHASE OF SLIABH GUILLEANN.

ONE day that Fionn the chief,
Was on the fertile green of Almhuin;
He beheld approach him on the way,
A young doe, nimbly bounding.

He called forth Sgeolan and Bran,
And whistled for the twain;
Unknown to all upon the hill,
He followed quickly the hornless doe.

Fionn had but his two hounds,
Mac an Loin and himself;
In pursuit of the doe swiftly
To Sliabh Guilleann of facile ways.

came enchanted; and the legend is fully related in Feis Tige Chonain, which forms the second volume of the Society's Transactions. See also Walker's *Irish Bards*, Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*, in which a copy of the poem somewhat different from the present one, is given; and Coote's *Survey of Armagh*, pp. 33–46. The Introductory, or opening stanzas of the poem omitted here, will be found at p. 199 of Vol. IV. *Oss. Trans.*

[2] Almhuin, now the Hill of Allen in the county of Kildare where Fionn had his palace.

[3] Mac an Loin, *(The Son of Luno*, the name of the sword of Fionn, which is traditionally related as being made by a blacksmith (Gobha dubh) of Lochlin, named Luno, and therefore called after him.

An n-dul do'n eilit fo'n t-sliabh,
a's Fionn 'na diaidh 'sa dha choin;
nior b-fear do coill seach cian,
can' gabh an fiadh san g-cnoc!

Do gabh Fionn roill go dian,
'sa dha coin siar an lúch;
'sa Phadruig, nar cruaidh le Dia!
mar cuidean an criar a g-cúl.

Do cualaid Fionn, 'sin a g-cian,
bean an bruach an loch ag caoi;
is ann do bí an macaom mna,
dob' fearr cail da b-facadh, 's gnaoi.

Ba deirge a gruaidh na an ród,
do bí a beól an dath na g-caor;
a cnear cailce mar an m-blách,
'sa leaca bán mar an aol.

An dath an dín do bí a folt,
mar néalta seaca a nodg do bí;
'sa Phadruig! da b-faicfeadh a dhreach,
do béanfadh do fearc do'n mnaoi.

Druidear Fionn ag iarraidh sgéal,
an mnaoi féin na g-cuach n-dín;
d'fiafraidh mo nídh do'n gnúis gloin,
an b-facaid tú mo coin san coill.

Ann do feidh ní'l mo sheir,
a's ní facaid mé do dha choin;
a Rídh na Féinne, gan clar,
is meara liom fád mo ghoil.

Upon the deer reaching the hill,
And Fionn following with his two hounds ;
He could not tell whether east or west,
Or whither went the deer upon the hill.

Fionn went eastwards fleetly,
And his two hounds to the west with speed ;
And Patrick ! would not God pity,
How the three wandered in different ways

Fionn heard, and not afar,
A woman wailing on the brink of the lake ;
'Twas there the youthful maiden was,
Of the fairest fame and countenance he ever beheld.

Redder were her cheeks than the rose,
Her lips had the colour of [rowan] berries ;
Her white skin like unto the blossom,
And her bright brow like the lime.

Like the sheen of gold were her locks,
Like unto frosty stars her eyes appeared ;
And, Patrick, had you seen her form,
You would be enamoured of the woman.

Fionn approached seeking tidings,
From the gentle woman of the golden curls ;
My king enquired from The Chaste Countenance :—
" Hast thou seen my hounds in the chase ?"

" In thy chase I am not concerned,
And I have not seen thy two hounds ;
O, King of the Fianna ! without untruth,
Worse to me is the cause of my weeping.

An é do ċéile do fuair bár,
  t-iongean blaiṫ nó do mac;
nó cnéad an fáṫ a b-fuil tú caoi,
  a aindiu ċaoin ir mine bneaċ?

Nó cnéad ar a b-fuil do bhón,
  aindiu óg na m-bar mín?
nó'n féidir d'fuireaċt, an Fionn,
  ir dúbaċ liom tu beiṫ man ċéidim.

Fail óin do bí an mo ġlaic,
  do raiḋ riogain na b-folt réidḋ;
do ċuir ne fánaiḋ na rneaḃ,
  aġ ro an fáṫ do beir me a b-péin!

Gearra na fuilngid fíor laoċ,
  cuimim ontra, a rígh na b-Fiann;
an fáinne do ċabairt tar n-air,
  do ċuir le fánaiḋ na rneaḃ n-dian.

Nior fulaing Fionn cur na ngear,
  an tan do noċt a ban-ċeir mín;
do ċuaiḋ do bhuaċ an loċa do fnáim,
  an furtaileam mna na norg rínn.

Do ċuaiḋuig ré an loċ fó ċrí,
  a'r níor fág ann cúil 'na anaċ;
an fáinne caoin go b-fuair tar air,
  do ċaill rioġain na ngnuaḋ n-deang.

An fine an fáinne do'n laoċ,
  rul fó d-tainig fé go bruaċ;
do rin reanóir chíon liaṫ,
  do rígh na b-Fiann go tim cruag

"Is it thy spouse that has found death,
Thy blooming daughter, or thy son;
Or, what is the cause that thou wailest,
O gentle maiden of the graceful shape?

"Or, from what proceeds thy grief,
Youthful maiden of the smooth palms;
Or, is it possible to relieve thee," saith Fionn.
"Sad it is to me that you should be as I see?"

"A gold ring which was on my finger,"
Saith the princess of the flowing locks;
"It fell with the descent of the stream,
This is the cause why I suffer pain."

"Spells which a true hero never endured,
I impose upon thee, O king of the Fianna!
To bring the ring back [to me],
That fell with the descent of the swift stream."

Fionn did not endure the spells,
When he stripped his smooth fair skin;
He went on the surface of the lake to swim,
At the request of the woman of the piercing eyes.

He searched the lake thrice,
And did not leave a nook or corner;
Until he brought back the polished ring,
Which the princess of the crimson cheek had lost.

On the hero stretching forth the ring,
Ere he landed upon the bank;
He became a withered grey old man,
The king of the Fianna, weak and pitiable.

Do bamaiṙ uili ṙiaṁna Fhinn,
a n-Almuin aoiḃinn na ḃ-ṙleaḋ ṙéaḋ;
aʒ imṙiṫ ṙiċċille[1] a'ṙ aʒ ól,
aʒ clor ceóil an buiḋean ba ċnéan.

A ḋúḃaiṙiṫ Caoilte mac Ronain,
a ʒ-clor-aiṁ do ʒaċ ṙear;
cáṙ' ʒab Mac Cúṁaill ṙéil,
na ʒ-caoiṁ neaċt ṙéiṁ 'rna rleaʒ.

A ḋúḃaiṙiṫ Conan mac Móiṙne,
ní ċualaiḋ riaṁ ceól ḋob' aoiḃ'ne
Mac Cuṁaill, má tá an iaṙṙaiḋ,
ʒo naiḃ a m-bliaḋnaḋ, a Chaoilte!

Mac Cúṁaill ma ċeaṙtuiʒ uaiṫ,
a Chaoilte ċruaiḋ na ʒ-coṙ ʒ-caol;
ʒlacaiṁ ċúʒam an mo láiṁ,
ór cloṁ ċáiċ ʒun riʒ me ṙéin.

Do bamaiṙ an Fhian ṙá bṙón,
ṙá ċeann an rlóʒ a beiṫ d'an n-diṫ;
ʒíḋ' ʒun ṁaoiḋ oṙuinn ʒean ʒáiṙe,
ir dúinn ḋob' áḋban beiṫ aʒ caoi.

Sluaiṙeamaoiḋne ar Almuin amaċ,
buiḋean ċalma na ʒ-caṫ ʒ-cruaiḋ;
an loiṫʒ a ḋá ċoin a'ṙ Fhinn,
triur ʒniinn do beiṙeaḋ buaiḋ.

[1] Fiċċeall, *chessboard*. Dr. O'Donovan gives a very curious account of the game of chess as practised by the ancient Irish, in the Introduction to Leaban na ʒ-Ceart (*Book of Rights*), published by the Celtic Society in 1847 (p. *lxi.*). It is accompanied by four different views of an ancient chessman, from the collection of that distinguished antiquary Dr. Petrie. He also quotes Cormac's Glossary, where the chessboard is described as of a quadrangular form marked

We were all, the Fianna of Fionn,
In delightful Almhuin of the grand feasts;
Playing at Fithchill and drinking,
Listening to the music of the powerful tribes.

Caoilte, the son of Ronan, said,
In the hearing of each man;
"Whither went the son of hospitable Cumhall,
Of the gentle lenient rule and of the spears?"

Said Conan, the son of Morna,
"I never heard music more delightful;
Mac Cumhaill, if he is being sought for,
May he be so this year, O Caoilte!

Mac Cumhaill, if he be wanting to you,
O stern Caoilte of the slender feet;
I take to me upon my own hand,
To be king over you all."

We, the Fenians, were under sorrow,
For being bereft of the head of our host;
Tho' we could scarce refrain laughter [at Conan],
'Tis we that had cause to wail.

We went forth from Almhuin,
The gallant tribe of the fierce battles;
Seeking Fionn and his two hounds,
A gladsome three who obtained victory.

with black and white spots. Vallancey, in quoting the Brehon Laws, now preparing for publication by the Government, says, that the tax levied by the Monarch of Ireland on every province, was to be paid in chessboards, and complete sets of men; and that every *bruigh* (or inn-holder of the states), was obliged to furnish travellers with salt provisions, lodging, and a chessboard *gratis*. *Irish Gram. Essay on the Celtic Language*, p. 85.

Mise 's Caoilte ḃí ar d-tús,
'san Fhiann uile nár n-dáil go dlúṫ;
fó ṡliaḃ g-Cuilinn o ṫuaiḋ,
go rugamair buaḋ an t-siuḃail.

Féaċain dá d-tugamair ċoruinn,
ann sa long do ḃí dian;
do ċonarcamair ar ḃruaċ an loċa,
seanóir críon agus é liaṫ.

Do ċuaḋmair uile 'na ḋáil,
a's ċuirfeaḋ gráin ar gaċ fear;
cnáṁa loma do ḃí críon,
le an ceileaḋ a ġnaoi 'sa ġean.

Do ṡílear féin gurab earbaḋ bíḋ,
ṫug ar an laoċ a ḃeiṫ gan ċruṫ;
nó gur an iarsaire do ḃí sé,
ṫainig a g-céin ris an sruṫ.

D'ḟiafraiġear féin do'n b-fear críon,
an b-facaḋ laoċ ba ġeal cruṫ;
ag seilg roiṁe san ród,
eilit óg agus dá ċoin.

Ní ṫug séisean freagra ḋúinn,
do luig taom ar ḟlaiṫ na b-Fiann;
do ḃí sé éagcaoineaċ, dúḃaċ,
gan léim, gan lúṫ, gan riṫ, gan rian.

Do noċtasa mo ċloiḋeaṁ géar,
is prap 'sis tréan do noċt an Fhiann;
is geárr go b-faġair aiṫne an ḃáis,
muna d-tugair uait tásg an triair.

Caoilte and I were in the front,
And all the Fianna close in the rere;
Towards Sliabh Guilleann in the north,
Till we triumphed over the journey.

A glance which we gave around,
In the pursuit that was most urgent;
We beheld on the brow of the lake,
A withered grey old man.

We all approached him,
And he would occasion hate to every man;
His bones were bare and withered,
Which concealed his countenance and form.

I thought myself it was want of food,
That left the hero devoid of shape,
Or that he was a fisherman,
Who came from afar with the stream.

I enquired of the withered man,
Had he seen a hero of fair countenance;
Hunting on the way,
A young doe and two hounds.

He gave no reply to us,
A fit came over the chief of the Fianna,
He was ailing and sad,
Without agility, without swiftness, or without walk.

I unsheathed my sharp sword,
And quickly and powerfully did the Fianna the same,
"Soon shalt thou get knowledge of death,
Unless there is given by you an account of the three."

Nior mear fé a innsin dúinn,
Gur ab é féin do bí ann;
nó gur léig a rún le Caoilte,
fear a ngníomhaib do bí teann.

Ag tan fuarasar dearb ar sgéil,
Gurab é Fionn féin do bí ann;
do léigeamair trí gárda goil,
do cuirfead broic ar gach gleann.

Ann sin labrar Conan go borb,
a's noctar a colg go dian;
malluigear Fionn go beact,
a's malluigear, fo fead, an Fhiann!

Dar do láimhse féin, a Fhinn,
bainfeadsa díot do ceann;
ór tú nár maoidigh mo gníomh,
ná mo gairge riamh a n-am.

Ir é m'aon-locht ar do chuid,
gan an Fhian uile beit mar tair;
go n-deargainn mo fleag, 'sno lann,
go d-tigead liom do leacht 'sdo lá.

O'n lá cuir Cúmhall na g-cliar,
le clanna Morna na sgiat n-óir;
nior sgarair ó foin acht ar ár d-tí,
'san méid do mair dínn ní dod déoin?

Org. Muna m-bead an rioct 'na b-fuil Fionn,
'sgur doilg linn a beit mar tá;
a Chonain maoil, atá gan céill,
do brisfinn do béal go cnám.

He seemed not inclined to tell us,
That it was [Fionn] himself was there;
Until he revealed the secret to Caoilte,
A man who was stout in battle feats.

When we found the truth of the story,
That it was Fionn himself who was there;
We gave three shouts of lamentation,
Which would drive badgers out of every glen.

Then spoke Conan fiercely,
And unsheathed his sword with vehemence;
He cursed Fionn with energy,
And cursed respectively the Fianna.

"By thine own hand, O Fionn,
I will take from thee thy head;
As it is thou who never praised my deeds,
Nor my valor, ever in due time.

My only fault with thy shape is,
That all the Fianna are not as thou art;
Till I would redden my spear and my sword,
Till I'd raise thy *leacht* and [end] thy day.

Since the day that Cumhall of the bands fell,
By the sons of Morna of the shields of gold;
Ever since, thou hast been our foe,
And such of us as live do so despite of thee."

Osg. "Had it not been for the state in which Fionn is,
And that it is a sorrow to us that he should be so;
O bald Conan who art devoid of sense,
I'd smash thy mouth to the bone.

Nuair ná maireann Goll am ḋáil,
  fear gan sgáṫ ag coṁrac críoċ ;
féaċam araon ós cóṁair ċáiċ,
  neart ár láṁ agus ár ngníoṁ.

Con. Sinne féin do ġníḋ gaċ gníoṁ,
  'sní h-iad Clanna Baoisgne bog ;
a Osguir léiġ dod' ráiḋtiḃ baois,
  ní glór ḋearḃuiġeas, aċt gníoṁ grod

Eiríġeas Osgur an aigne ṁir,
  a's riṫeas Conán ameasg ċáiċ ;
cuireas comairc ar an ḃ-Féinn,
  furtaċt ar ó ṗéinn an ḃáis.

D'éiriġeaḋmair uile do ṗreib,
  ag cosg Osguir na n-arm n-áiġ ;
idir Chonán ṁaol 'smo ṁac,
  do ċeanglamair síṫ a's pairt.

Dar mo láiṁ, a Chléiriġ, go fíor,
  dar do láiṁse 'sní dolaiḋ oirm ;
ní ḃeaḋ clog[1] ad ċill ná cliar,
  dá m-beiḋ' Osgur na ḃ-Fian am ḟoċair

Geallaim dod' ḟaoḃ cléirċiḃ,
  dá maireaḋ sé am ċoṁḋáil ;
ná cluinfiḋís le na rae,
  psailm ḟaor ná cloig ag glaiṁ.

An tan d'aiṫin Conán é,
  dá m-beiḋ' Dia féin ar a ḋeas láiṁ ;
a Phádruig an ċreiḋim ċruaiḋ,
  dob' eagal do guais an ḃáis !

[1] Clog, *bell.* For an interesting account of the origin and use of bells, see Walker's *Irish Bards*, 4to. Ed., p. 93. O'Brien and Petrie's Essays on the Round Towers, &c.

As Goll doth not now survive in my company,
The dauntless man in conquering kingdoms;
Let us try together in the presence of all,
The strength of our hands and of our exploits."

CON. "'Twas we ourselves who performed each feat,
And not the feeble Clanna Baoisgne;
Osgur leave off thy foolish talk,
Words are not the test, but ready action."

Osgur of the impetuous mind stood up,
And Conan rushed among the men;
He implored protection from the Fianna,
To save him from the pangs of death.

We all stood up quickly,
To check Osgur of the valiant arms;
Between bald Conan and my son,
We ratified peace and friendship.

By my hand, O Cleric, verily,
By thy hand, which is no loss to me;
Bells nor Clerics would not be in thy church,
Had Osgur of the Fianna been with me.

I promise thy silly clerics,
If he lived with me now;
They would not hear in their day,
A psalm sung or a bell tolled.

When Conan recognised him,
Had God himself been at his right hand
O Patrick of the severe faith,
The danger of death he might dread.

P. Gaċ baois dá luaiḋtear leat,
a Oisín na g-creaċ, ba ċead linn;
aċt aṁáin t-imċáin ar Dhia,
le'r ċuiteadar fianna Fhinn.

O. Is fuaṫ liomsa tusa 'sdo ḋia,
is fuaṫ liom do ċliar ag glaṁ;
ní ċaḃarfuinn a ċead duit ná dóiḃ,
ḃeiṫ go deó dá imċáin.

P. Lean ar ḋúinn anois mar ċréigis,
ar aiṫris éaċtṁar ḟeilg Fhinn;
atá Osgur fann fó ġruaim,
cia gur ċruaiḋ a neart 'sa ġníoṁ.

O. Fiafruiġeas Caoilte gan spéis,
do ṁac Cúṁaill na n-arm n-áir;
cia ċur as do ġnáṫ-ċruṫ ṫú,
nó ḃ-fuil léiġeas do ġeas le fáġail?

Ingean Chuilinn, do ráiḋ Fionn,
do ċuir geasa iomḋa am ċeann;
dul go bruaċ an loċa do ṡnáṁ,
ag iarraiḋ fáinne do ċaill sí,

Nár ba slán sinne ó'n g-cnoc,
do ráiḋ Conán ba olc méinn;
go n-íocfaiḋ Guileann gan ṁoill,
mar a g-cuirriḋ Fionn 'na ċruiṫ féin.

Cruinniġeamaoid a noir 'sa niar,
a's cuireamaoid ár sgiaṫa faoi go deas;
go sliaḃ Cuilinn ba ċuaiḋ,
do rugamair ar ár nguaille an fear.

P. Each silliness thou recountest,
O Oisin of the spoils, we would permit,
Save only the speaking reproachfully of God,
By whom fell the Fianna of Fionn.

O. I abhor thee and thy God,
I abhor thy clerics bawling;
I would not need leave from thee nor them,
To be for ever dispraising him.

P. Commence now where thou left off,
Relating the great chase of Fionn;
Osgur is feeble and sad,
Tho' great his might and his deeds.

O. Caoilte inquires without concern,
Of Mac Cumhaill of the chaste arms;
"Who hath changed thy wonted shape,
Or is there a cure to be had for thy spell?

"The daughter of Guilleann, saith Fionn,
Bound me fast by many spells,
To go on the borders of the lake to swim
In search of the ring which she lost."

"May we never leave the hill alive,"
Saith Conan, of the evil mien;
"Till Guilleann shall suffer without delay,
Unless she restore Fionn to his own shape."

We mustered from the east and west,
And we placed our shields under him tenderly,
To Sliabh Guilleann in the north,
We brought the man on our shoulders.

O. An fead cúig n-oidhche a'r cúig la,
do bí 'n Fhiann ag tochuilt na h-uaimh;
no gur éirigh ingean Chuilinn,
ar an uaimh do freib anior.

An d-teacht d'ingin Chuilinn chóir,
a'r corn deang-óir iona láimh;
dáileas deoch do rígh na b-Fiann,
le gnáth 'rle mian do'n Oigur áigh.

Bheas Fionn an deoch gan mhoill,
ar an g-corn ríghe do bí 'na láimh;
go d-tainig a chuid 'ra beilb-ghnáth,
do rígh na Féinne, acht an léighe amháin.

Ba chaithneadh liomsa a'r leis an Fhiann,
an dath liath do beith an folt;
a'r dúbairt Fionn ris an aindis chaoimh,
gur mhaith leis féin a beith ann.

A Phadruig na m-bachal m-ban,
dar do láimh ní chayaim briag;
do b'fhearr linn na flaitheas d'fhágail,
Fionn na flaithe beith 'rna ghné.

Uch! is dúbach me n-diaigh mo rígh,
'ra n-diaigh na laoch do bí gairg;
a Phadruig is gann fó'n m-bliadh
ris mar rinneadh leo an t-realg.

O. For five days and five nights,
The Fianna were rooting the cave,
Until Guilleann's daughter arose
Suddenly out of her den.

On the approach of Guilleann the Just,
With a drinking horn of red gold in her hand;
She offers a drink to the King of the Fianna;
Through love and regard for the noble Osgur.

Fionn takes the drink without delay,
From the fairy horn in his hand,
Till his form and usual shape returned
To the Fenian King, save alone being grey.

The Fianna and myself were pleased,
At the grey colour of his hair,
And Fionn himself said to the gentle Guilleann,
That he was glad it was so.

O Patrick, of the croziers bright,
By thy hand, I tell no lie,
We would prefer to heaven itself,
To have Fionn in his health and appearance.

Alas! how I grieve after my king,
And after the heroes who were brave,
O Patrick, who is sparing of thy food,
'Twas thus they performed the chase.

SEILG SHLÉIBHE FUAID[1].

Iona d-tráċtar mar do ġluais Ailne, bean Mheargaiġ, ag déanaṁ léirsgrios ar an b-Féinn; agus mar do ġlac uirṫe deilb fiaḋ, nó gur ṫarraing Fionn ċum carcair, agus Fianna Eirionn mar an g-céadna; agus mar d'ḟóir Conan fa ḋeoiġ iad.

O. LA da raib Fionn 'sa ṡlóiġte,
go lionṁar, cróḋa, calma, mear;
ag seilg ar ṁullaċ Shléibe Fuaid,
an fiaḋ gur ġluais a d-tús na b-fear.

Do leanaḋ leó fa lúṫ an fiaḋ,
gaċ laoċ go dian na ṡar riṫ;
do bí an fiaḋ go beannaċ borb,
ag seasaṁ san leirg go dana glic.

Níor stad an fiaḋ fó ṫroid ġarb,
gur ḟág go dearb amaċ an sliab;
do lean an Fhiann é fo lom lúṫ,
go roiċeadar úr-ċnoc Liaḋais.

Do ṫriall go tréan ó ċnoc Liaḋas,[2]
gan luiġe a rian na a léim;
o sin arís go Cairgín[3] ċruaiḋ,
do leanadar a luaḋas 'sa réim.

[1] *Sliab Fuaid*. Dr. O'Donovan says *(Book of Rights, p.* 144, *n.)*, that this mountain is in the county of Armagh; and one of the highest known as "The Fews Mountains." He quotes O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part iii., cc. iv., and xvi., Haliday's edition of Keating, pp. 168, 300, and 382, to bear him out, and further states, that its position is marked on an old map in the State Paper

THE CHASE OF SLIABH FUAID.

IN which is related how Ailne, the wife of Meargach, came to be avenged on the Fianna; and how she assumed the form of a deer, until she lodged Fionn in a dungeon, and the Fianna of Erinn also; and how they were finally released by Conan.

O. ONE day Fionn and his hosts,
So complete, so valiant, so stout and swift;
Were hunting on the summit of Sliabh Fuaid,
'Till the deer went onwards before the men.

They quickly pursued the deer,
Each hero strenuously in full speed;
The deer was antlered and fierce,
Standing on the plain in bold defiance.

The deer ceased not the fierce fight,
Until he cleared out from the hill;
The Fianna pursued him in full speed,
Till they reached the green hill of Liadhas.

He proceeded vigorously from the hill of Liadhas,
Without falter in his step or bound,
From thence again to craggy Carrigeen,
They pursued with haste and with sway.

Office, London, under the name of "Sliew Fodeh," a barbarous attempt at writing Sliabh Fuaid.

[2] Cnoc Liar. Not identified.

[3] Carnsin, now Carrigins, a small village on the river Foyle about three miles to the south of Londonderry. O'Donovan's *Four Masters*, p. 1179, *n.* t.

O. Fó'n am 'na d-táinig an fiaḋ,
go Cairgin ċinn-tráġa na g-cloċ;
níor b-fear dóiḃ ṫoir seaċ ṫiar,
cá'r ġaḃ an bean-ḟiaḋ san g-cnoc.

Do ṫriall dream aguinn soir,
a's dream siar agus ó ṫuaiḋ;
dream arís fó'n árd ba ṫeas,
a's ar g-coin go prap 'san g-cuaird.

Do ṫóg Sgeólan an fiaḋ,
a's do leanamar go dian an t-seilg;
go d-táinig tar n-air fó'n sliaḃ,
go bruaċ sliaḃ Fuaid 'san teiṫeaḋ.

Do leanamair san leirg an fiaḋ,
go d-tángadar tar n-air fó'n sliaḃ
do ġlac follaċ oruinn arís,
a's níor b-fear dúinn a críoċ na ṫriall.

Do sgar Fionn a's Daire binn,
sealaḋ ó ṡlíġe na b-Fiann;
níor b-fada mar sin dóiḃ,
nuair nár b-fear dóiḃ soir seaċ siar.

An tan d'aiṫin Fionn a's Daire,
go raiḃ an seaċrán na slíġe;
do seinneaḋ le Daire truaġ ċúṁaḋ,
a's do seinneaḋ le Fionn an Dord Fhiann.

Do ċualamar uile an Fhiann,
Daire a's ár d-triaṫ ag ceól;
an uair measctuiġe linn ó ṫuaiḋ,
doḃ' ḟada uainn fóġar an ġlóir.

O. By the time the deer reached
Carrigeen of the craggy shore;
They did not know whether east or west,
Where went the deer on the hill.

Some of us proceeded eastwards,
And others towards the west and north;
Some also towards the south,
And our hounds briskly on the track.

Sgeolan started the deer,
And we followed in haste the chase;
Till it returned back to the hill,
To the borders of Sliabh Fuaid in his flight.

We pursued the deer on the plain,
Till they returned back to the hill;
He took cover again from us,
And we know not where he was.

Fionn and Daire the melodious parted,
Awhile from the Fianna's course;
They were not long thus,
Till they could not discern the east or west.

When Fionn and Daire knew
That they missed their way;
Daire played a mournful strain,
And Fionn sounded the Dord Fhiann.

We, the Fianna, all heard
Daire and our chieftain's strains;
When we supposed [the music] to be northwards,
Far from us was its sound.

O. Do mearcuiġe linn an uair eile,
gur ab fan ard-coill do bí;
do ġluaiseamar fó na d-triall,
a'r do mearcuiġe linn fiar a g-ceól.

Do líon ceó doilbċe draoiġeaċta,
timċeall Fhinn agus Dháire;
níor b-fear dóib fan domhan mór,
cá raib an ceól, a Phátraic!

Do ġluair Fionn agus Dáire romhpa,
gan fíor dóib cnéad an t-árd;
finn ar a lorg ar lom lúċ,
a'r nár b-fear dúinn cá raib a nġáir.

Do bádar an dír ag triall,
go ránġadar fan t-sliab go fann,
an macaoṁ mná dob' áille fuaid,
cóṁ-páirt gan ġruaim agus gneann.

D'fiarfaid Fionn na b-Fiann,
do'n ġnúir ba sgiamhaċ fuaid;
cnéad do beir tú ad t-aonar,
an imeal cnoic sléibe Fuaid.

Whe féin agus mo ċéile fíor,
do bí ag triall thé an leirg;
do ċuala fé goċa gadar binn,
do sgar liom, a'r leag an t-feilg.

Cnéad an t-ainim tá ort féin,
a deiġ-bean féiṁ na nġluaid nór;
agus fór coiṁ-ainm t-fír ġnínn,
nó cá'r ġab laoġ na feilge an feól?

O. We deemed at another time,
That it was in the east it was;
We proceeded to meet them,
When we imagined their music came from the west.

A druidic magic mist
Enveloped Fionn and Daire;
Till they could not tell where on the world wide,
The music was, O Patrick.

Fionn and Daire went onwards,
Without knowing in what direction;
We being quickly in search of them, [shouts.
Though we did not know whence proceeded their

The two were on their way,
Till they faintly reached the hill;
A youthful woman of the fairest aspect,
Affectionate, without guile, and pleasant was she.

Fionn of the Fianna enquired
Of The Countenance of the most beauteous hue,
"What brought thee alone
To the borders of Sliabh Fuaid?"

"My faithful husband and myself,
Were travelling through the plain;
He heard the melodious howl of hounds,
He parted from me, and followed the chase."

"What name dost thou bear,
Mild gentle maid with cheeks like the rose?
Also the name of thy pleasant husband,
Or whither did the deer and the chase go?"

O. Lobarán, cómh-áinim mo chéile,
mo chomh-ainim féin Glan-luaidh;
ní fear dam ca'n chiall rúd,
nó an t-reilg fo lúd ca'n gluair?

Ir cormúil ned' gnúis áluinn,
gur ab laoch tú atá ar cuairdh;
ir dearb, mar an g-céadna, liom,
gurab tú Fionn mac Cúmhaill cruaidh.

Liomsa, ar Fionn, an t-reilg,
a ríoghain chailce na n-ón chuach;
ní fear dam anoir roir fear fiar,
cá'n gabh an Fhiann ná'n fiadh uaim.

Cionnar do fgarair rir an b-Féinn,
a Fhinn na n-éadta ba chruaidh?
Ir iongna liom nach b-fuil ad dáil,
dream nó cain dod' fluagh?

Do gluaifear féin a'r Dáire,
go lom, fearr cách, a n-diaigh an fiadh;
ní fear dúinn, a ríoghain, anoir.
cá'n gabadh linn roir na fiar.

Thiallfa linn, a Ghlanluaidh, ar Fionn,
a'r glbé taob na ngluaifrear linn;
béarfam tusa 'nar g-cómhdáil,
ní chéilgfeam go brách do gnaoi.

Dá mo dóich liomsa, a Fhinn na b-Fiann,
ar an leirg ag thiall go bfuil an t-reilg;
do chiallfuinn búr n-dáil gan cáirde,
a'r do comairle, a Fhinn gnádhmair, do glacfuinn.

O. "Lobharan, is my husband's name,
My own name is Glanluadh;
I know not whither he went,
Or the swift chase whither it steered.

It seems from thy noble countenance,
That thou art a hero on a visit;
I verily believe also,
That thou art the hardy Fionn Mac Cumhaill."

"To me," saith Fionn, "the chase belongs,
Bright princess of the golden locks;
I know not now east or west,
Where have departed the deer or the Fianna."

How partedst thou with the Fianna,
O Fionn of the hardy deeds?
I wonder there is not with thee,
Few or many of thy host."

"I myself, and Daire went,
Alone after the deer;
We know not now, O princess,
Whither we went east or west.

Come thou with us, O Glanluadh, saith Fionn,
And whatever way we are doomed to go;
We shall take thee with us,
We shall never forsake thy face.

Did I suppose, O Fionn of the Fianna,
That approaching on the plain was the chase,
I would proceed with you without delay,
And thy advice I'd take, O loving Fionn."

O. Níor chan dóib ag labairt go caoin,
an tan chualadar fíth-cheól fuain;
dá feinneadh go binn ne na d-taoib,
do gluair faghan na déig a'r fuaim.

An leatra an ceólra, a ingean chaoin,
dá feinneadh né nár d-taob go foghar binn,
níor b-fada liom beith ad dáil,
a níoghain áig! acht an Fhiann am dít.

Ní b-fuil ceól ar bith am dáil,
acht tura agur Dáire go fíor;
na neach eile faoi an ngnéin,
acht mar feirceann rib féin mo ghnaoi.

Do méaduigh an ceól 'ran fuaim,
a d-tollaib na g-cluar ag an triur;
do bádar ag dul a d-trom-néaladh,
gan fearann acht féig an aon díob.

A Fhinn mic Cumhaill! do raid an níoghain áig,
atáimse am fhíom-ghoid go léir;
ir amhlaid táimse, an Fionn, a báin cheir,
ní maith atáimse, an Dáire féin.

Níor chan dóib amhlaid rin,
gur cuireadar uile cum láir;
do chuaid an triur ba chaoin,
a Phádruig! a d-trom-néaladh báir.

Ar d-teacht ar na néaladh dóib,
a g-cruth, a g-clóid, a n-dath, 'ra fuaid;
do conaircadar le na d-taoib,
Dún breagha níoghda fa réim buaid.

O. Not long were they in gentle converse,
When they heard drowsy fairy music,
Chaunted melodiously by their side,
But after it ceased came noise and shouts.

" Is this music thine, O gentle daughter,
Which is played beside us most sweetly ;
I would never feel it long being in thy presence,
But for the absence of the Fianna, O noble princess."

" There is no music at all with me,
But thee and Daire truly ;
Nor any one else under the sun,
But as ye yourselves behold my face."

The music and the noise increased,
In the ears of the three ;
They were falling into heavy sleep,
And none of them able to stand.

" O Fionn Mac Cumhaill, saith the noble princess,
I am entirely pining away ;
So am I, too, O Fair-skinned, saith Fionn,
Nor am I well, quoth Daire himself."

They were not long thus,
Till they all fell upon the ground ;
The gentle three, O Patrick,
Slept in death's heavy repose.

On recovering from their faints,
To their shape, form, colour, and countenance ;
They saw by their side
A majestic mansion of powerful sway.

O. Ag b-feiceann tú an Dún onda[1] ud,
a Fhinn mic Cumhaill! an Daire fein?
do cidim go foilean glan, a Dhaire,
a Fhinn! an aig fad-bean, do cidmre fein.

Do conaircadar fos na d-timceall,
fainge eocain-gorm tonn-threan;
do gluair amac o'n n-Dún fa t-fnámh,
laoc companta a'r bean ba fein.

Ir baogal liomra, a Fhinn! an Daire,
a'r an aig nioghain aluinn, Glanluad;
aig dir fan t-fnámh ag thiall omnuinn,
gur dúinn ir doilig a'r nac nein buad.

Do greamuigh an laoc 'fan bean úd,
a Phadruig! gan lúd an tiar;
go nuigadar leo iad na n-deoigh,
do'n Dún ónda 'fan t-fnámh go dian.

Ir fada mire, a Fhinn na meanm,
ag leanmhúin an t-am ont d'fágail;
anoir a táir fom' dian-fmacht,
a'r ní dul amac duit go lá'n bnáth!

Cia tú fein, a gairgíoch móir,
tá 'n imcian, gan cóir, go dearb?
ir nairneac an gluair do laoc,
gan imirt a nein 'fa g-clód ceart.

Nac cuimhin leat, a Fhinn, an feall,
ar Wheanghac na lann do rinnir thairt,
a'r ar mo dír do macaib caoin,
Taile mac Trein a'r a niaib na dáil.

[1] Dun ónda. This may be Donore in the county of Meath. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. IV., p. 137, *n.* 3.

O. "Dost thou behold that golden fortress,
O Fionn Mac Cumhaill," saith Daire, the mild;
"I clearly see it, O Daire,"
"Fionn, saith the princess, I see it too."

"They also saw around them,
A rough-waved, greenish, stormy sea;
From the Dun went forth to swim,
A corpulent hero and a gentle maid.

"I fear, O Fionn, saith Daire,
And saith the noble princess Glanluadh;
The two who approach us swimming,
Bring grief to us and not victorious sway.

The hero and that woman seized,
O Patrick, and left without strength the three;
Till they brought them after them,
And swam quickly towards the golden fortress.

"Long am I," O malignant Fionn,
"In the pursuit, to be avenged of thee;
Now, thou art under my control,
And released thou shalt not be 'till judgment day."

"Who art thou, O mighty hero?
That came from afar right truly, without leave,
It is not becoming in a hero,
Not to play magnanimous in a just cause.

"Dost not thou remember, O Fionn, the treachery,
Saith Meargach of the spears, thou once did make,
And, on my two comely youthful sons,
Tailc Mac Treoin and all his train.

O. Jr cuimin liom, an Fionn álg,
Gur éuirteadar le láimh na b-Fiann;
ní le cealg ná fór meang,
acht le cruaidh lann a'r cóimh-glíadh.

Jr le cealg, a Fhinn na g-clear,
do tugadh lib cat Chnoic an Áir,[a]
ionar éuit re h-iomad búr meang,
Meangach na lann a'r a raib na dáil.

Dob' fíor dóib a fir móir,
dá m-beidír beó gur neart láimh,
éug dóib aicne ar an éag,
a'r nach cealg ó'n b-Fénn an Chnoc an Áir.

Jr leór linn mar fiadnaire fíor,
Ailne an gruinn do beit mar tá;
dob' iomda cat a'r trom-flóg,
anoir fá bron na diaig go tlát.

Cnéad do gaolra re Ailne an gruinn,
a fir móir líomhta ir gaib glór;
mire a deanbrátail go fíor,
mo cóimh-ainim féin Dhaoigeantóir.

Do ceanglad Fionn, Dáire, a'r Glanluad,
a g-cuibreach cruaidh le Dhaoigeantóir,
do cuir a g-carcair iad go doimin,
gan ceannrácht, gan rian, gan threóir!

Do bádar an triur go dúbach,
a'r an Fhiann fó fúdair a n-deoig a nís;
ar an lorg annsr na ceithre h-aoird,
ar lúth a'r ar mire do gnát fíor.

Cnoc an Air, *The Hill of Slaughter*; situated near Ballybunion, in the county of Kerry. See *Oss. Trans.* Vol. IV., p. 17, *n.* 8.

O. "I remember," saith the noble Fionn,
"That they fell by the Fianna's hands;
Not by treachery, nor yet deceit,
But by tempered blades and conflict."

"It is by treachery, O cunning Fionn,
That thou gained the battle of Cnoc-an-air,
Where fell, from the extent of your malice,
Meargach of the spears, and all his train."

"They could relate, O mighty man,
Had they now lived that it was the might of hands,
Which gave them a knowledge of death,
And not the treachery of the Fianna at Cnoc-an-air."

"'Tis sufficient for us as true witness
That pleasant Ailne should be as she is;
Many a battalion and mighty host,
Are now in grief feebly after her."

What is thy affinity to pleasant Ailne,
O polished huge man of the bombastic talk;
I am her brother truly,
And my own name is Draoigheantoir."

Fionn, Daire, and Glanluadh, were bound
In firm fetters by Draoigheantoir;
In a deep dungeon he did them cast,
Bereft of comforts, usages and laws.

The three were sorrowful,
And the Fianna in grief after their king,
On the search in the four quarters,
Swiftly and constantly going.

O. Do ḃí an triar ar feaḋ ċúig lá,
agus ċúig n-oiḋċe iomlán gan gó ;
san g-carcair doiṁin réaṁraiḋte úd,
gan biaḋ fó ṗúdar, gan deoċ gan ceól.

A Ailne ṡnuaiḋ-ġeal, ar Fionn áiġ,
ar Chnoc an Áir is ċuiṁin leat,
go ḃ-fuairis cuireaḋ fial na ḃ-Fiann,
cia lom an triar so 'nois fód' smaċt.

A Ḟhinn, do ráiḋ Ailne, do ġlór ṫruaġ,
ní gó go ḃ-fuair me coire fial ;
ód' ṁnaoi ċéile, Gráinne an ġrinn,
dul do ċaiṫeaṁ bíḋ na ḃ-Fiann !

Ní cuiḃe duitse a ríoġain suairc,
fád' smaċt ó fuairis go doċt sinn ;
ár g-cur gan ċáirde ċum báis,
ná biaḋ gaċ tráṫ do roinn linn.

Dob' ḟeárr liom, a Ḟhinn, gan ḃréag,
an Ḟhiann re ċéile go m-beidís tláṫ,
san g-carcair sin a g-cuiḃreaċ ċruaiḋ,
ad ḋáil, a's níor ṫruaġ liom a g-cás !

O noċtais do rún, a ḃean, dúinn,
cia doilġ ár b-púdar a's ár g-cruaḋ-ċás,
agus sinn go dian fód' smaċt,
ár slán fód' ġeasa mun m-beiḋ aṁáin.

Créad aṁáin sin, a Ḟhinn na n-duas,
leat dá luaḋ, ar Ailne an ġrinn ?
ní ṫiocfaḋ leat go lá an ḃráṫ,
led' ċealgaiḃ gnáṫ na geasa ċlaoiḋ.

O. The three were for five days
And five whole nights without doubt;
In that aforesaid deep dungeon,
Without food, drink, or music.

), Ailne, of the bright countenance, saith the noble Fionn
"Cnoc-an-air thou must remember;
Where thou wert hospitably received by the Fianna,
Tho' feeble those three now under thy control."

"O, Fionn," saith Ailne, "in a mournful tone,
No doubt, I was hospitably entertained;
By thy spouse, the pleasant Grainne,
Partaking of the viands of the Fianna."

"It is not becoming thee, O pleasant princess,
Since under thy control thou hast found us,
To put us instantly to death,
Or keep us from food each morning."

"I would prefer, O Fionn, truly,
That all the Fianna were laid low;
In that dungeon strongly fettered near thee,
And I would not pity their case."

[towards us,
"Since thou, O woman, hast disclosed thy feelings
Tho' pitiful our fate, and hard our case;
Suffering under thy heavy yoke,
We defy thy power, but for one thing.

"What is that, O Fionn of the gifts,
That thou speakest of, saith pleasant Ailne?
Thou shalt not till the judgment day,
With thy usual deceits overcome the spell.

O. D'fiafraidh Ailne do Ghlanluadh,
créad fad an gluair le h-imtheacht Fhinn;
a'r a bean céile caoin as féin,
dod' fanmail ní féin an gníomh!

Do noct Glanluadh gan bréig,
a tunur féin d-taob Fhinn go glic;
nar b-fearac í fonn-reac rian,
go b-facadh riamh é roimhe rin.

Ir cormhúil, an Ailne, ma'r fíor,
a Ghlanluadh mar innsir sgéal dúinn;
nach cuibhe dúinn tu beith fó smacht,
fan g-carrcair seo a nglar gan cúis.

Do noct Ailne an luadh go fíor,
a'r a sgéal a m-brig do Dhiaoigheantóir,
an mod go d-tainig do'n carrcair,
a'r Glanluadh ó na gearra gur fóir.

An tan fuair Glanluadh a réim,
ba doilg lé a nséibeann Fionn;
d'fág slan aige a'r as Dairne binn,
a'r ba doilg le a nséibeann a geal gnúis.

An tan d'fág Glanluadh an carrcair,
do fuair biadh le caithream ó Ailne;
do cuir sí go beacht a nealaibh,
a'r ba thuag, a Chléirigh, bean a caile.

An tan théanmaid ar na nealaibh,
tug an deig-bean di gan fpár;
deoch ar ballán geara síde,
nó clear conn do bí 'na láimh.

O. Ailne enquired of Glanluadh,
" Why didst thou elope with Fionn
And his own gentle wife alive,
To one like you the deed is ignoble ?"

Glanluadh truly told,
Her journey with Fionn;
That she did not know east or west,
That she ever saw him before that time.

" 'Tis likely, saith Ailne, if true,
O Glanluadh, as thou tellest the tale;
That it is not meet in us to have thee punished,
In this dungeon without cause."

Ailne opened the case truly,
And with effect upon Draoigheantoir;
So that he came to the dungeon,
And Glanluadh from her spells released.

When Glanluadh was set free,
She felt for Fionn being in bonds;
She bade him and melodious Daire a farewell,
And she grieved at the bondage of the fair-faced chief.

When Glanluadh left the dungeon,
Ailne gave her food to eat;
She suddenly fell into a trance,
And pity, O Cleric, a woman of her fame.

As soon as she recovered from the trance,
The chaste woman gave her without delay,
A drink from a fairy magic vessel,
Or, horn that she held in her hand.

O. Ar tar d'ib Glanluad ar deoc,
tairig go grod 'na gnát gnaoi;
iona néim a'r na clód-rgéim éeart,
acht Fionn a nglar ir fliuc do éaoin!

Ir deanb gur aicnid ad gnaoi,
a Ghlanluad, go fíor, ar Dhaoigeantóir;
nac ionmuin leat Fionn a'r Dáire,
a ngéibeann mar táid a beit gan fóir.

Ni gaol dam Fionn na Dáire,
ar Glanluad, na tain na b-Fiann;
'rir cruaig liom go fíor a ramuil,
do beit a g-cancair gan deoc gan biad

Wa'r ionmuin leatra, a Ghlanluad,
biad gac uair do tabairt do'n dír;
do geabaid é, ar Dhaoigeantóir,
a'r beid a ngeara gan fóir a m-brig.

Ni iarraim a g-carnam ar an éag,
na ó'n g-cancair a néim do luad;
acht amain go b-faigid an biad,
a Ailne fial, do raid Glanluad.

Ni cuirfeadra Fionn 'na Dáire,
go grod cum bair, ar Dhaoigeantóir;
d'féacain an b-faiginn an Fhiann uile;
go cruaid a ngéibeann mar aon leó.

Acta an Fhiann uile gan bréag,
ar lúc go léir ar lorg Fhinn;
ir deanb liomra féin go beacc,
go b-faigid fó géar-rmacc a lion.

O. When Glanluadh took the drink,
She soon assumed her usual countenance;
Both in her sway and true form,
But Fionn in bonds she wailed in tears.

"Verily, it appears by thy countenance,
O Glanluadh, truly," saith Draoigheantoir;
"That thou delightest not at Fionn and Daire
Being in bonds as they are without relief."

"Fionn and Daire are not akin to me,
Saith Glanluadh, "nor many of the Fianna,
And truly I pity their like,
To be in prison without drink, or food."

"If it be pleasing to thee, O Glanluadh,
To give food each hour to the two;
They shall [receive it]," saith Draoigheantoir,
"And their spells will lose their power."

"I do not want to save them from death,
Nor from the prison to set them free;
But only that they get food,
O generous Ailne," saith Glanluadh.

"I shall not put Fionn or Daire,
Immediately to death," saith Draoigheantoir;
"To see if I could get all the Fianna,
In firm bonds along with them."

"All the Fianna are without doubt,
Swiftly in search of Fionn;
I verily and candidly believe
That I will have the most of them under my control."

O. Do ɣoɪɾ Aɪlɣe aɾ Ghlaɳluaḋ,
aɣ ɣabâɪl cuaɪɾḋ aɳ Dúɪɳ óɪɾ ;
ɳí ɾaɪḃ ɾeoɪḋ aɳɳ dá aɪlɣe,
ɳáɾ ṫeaɾbâɪɳ ṫɾáṫ do'ɳ ɾíoɣaɪɳ óɪɣ.

A Aɪlɣe ! aɾ Ghlaɳluaḋ ċaoɪɳ,
acá aɳ dîɾ ɾaɳ ɣ-caɾɳcaɪɾ fḗɪɣ ;
d'eaɾbaḋ ɳa ḃ-fleaḋ ba ɣɳáṫ leṓ,
do ċaɪṫeaṁ ɣaṫ lṓ a ɣ-caṫ 'ɾa ɳɣléɪɣ.

Do ɾuɣ Aɪlɣe a'ɾ Ghlaɳluaḋ,
bɪaḋ fṓ luaḋaɾ do lâṫaɪɾ Fhɪɳɳ ;
ɣuɾ aɳ ɣ-caɾɳcaɪɾ ɪoɳa ɾaɪḃ fḗɪɳ,
a'ɾ Dâɪɾe faoɳ ɣaɳ bɾíɣ.

Aɳ ṫaɳ ċoɳaɾc Fɪoɳɳ a'ɾ Dâɪɾe,
aɳ dîɾ mɳá âɪlɣe úḋ aɣ ṫeaċt ;
do ḟɪleaḋaɾ fɾaɾa ḋeṓɳ ɣó bɪaɳ,
aɣ caoɪɳe ɳa ḃ-Fɪaɳɳ do ḃeɪṫ ṫaɾ leaɾ.

Do ḃeaɳɳuɪɣ Ghlaɳluaḋ d'Fhɪoɳɳ,
do ɣoɪl ɣo dúḃaċ aɾ aṁaɾc a ɣɳaoɪ ;
ɳíoɾ labaɪɾ Aɪlɣe ɾocal aɾ bɪṫ,
ɳíoɾ ṫɾuaɣ lḗɪ a ɳ-doċaɾ mo ɲíɣ !

Do caɪṫeaḋ le Fɪoɳɳ a'ɾ le Dâɪɾe,
aɳɳ ɾɪɳ, a Phâḋɾuɪɣ, ḋeoċ a'ɾ bɪaḋ ;
do ɣluaɪɾ aɳ dîɾ baɳ aɾ lúṫ,
a'ɾ d'fáɣḃaḋaɾ dúḃaċ Fɪoɳɳ ɳa ḃ-Fɪaɳɳ !

D'fɪaɾɾaɪḋ díoḃ Dɾaoɪɣeaɳṫóɪɾ,
cá ɳaḃaḋaɾ aɾ cuaɪɾḋ aɳ dîɾ ;
do ɳoċṫaḋaɾ do ɣuɾ a ḃ-ɾoċaɪɾ Fhɪɳɳ,
a'ɾ Dhâɪɾe aɳ ɣɾɪɳɳ le ḋeoċ a'ɾ bɪaḋ.

O. Ailne called upon Glanluadh,
To go and visit Dun-an-Oir,
There was not a gem of the most precious kind there,
That she did not timely show the young queen.

O Ailne, saith the gentle Glanluadh,
The two are in the enchanted prison, [tomed,
In want of the feasts to which they were accus-
To have each day in battle and fight.

Ailne and Glanluadh brought,
Food quickly into the presence of Fionn,
To the prison in which he was,
And Daire feeble without strength.

When Fionn and Daire saw
Those two noble women approaching,
They quickly shed floods of tears,
Lamenting the Fians being far away.

Glanluadh saluted Fionn,
And wept bitterly at seeing his face,
Ailne did not utter a word,
She pitied not my king in trouble.

Fionn and Daire partook then,
O Patrick, of food and drink,
The two women quickly went,
And left Fionn of the Fianna in gloom.

Draoigheantoir enquired of them,
Where had the two been on a visit;
They revealed to him that it was with Fionn,
And the pleasant Daire, with food and drink

O. D'ḟiafraiġ Draoiġeantóir ḋíoḃ,
cionnas dob' ḟear grinn Dáire ?
do noċtadar do sgéal gan gó
go raiḃ greannṁar a g-ceól sa g-cáile.

Ba ṁian liomsa, ar Draoiġeantóir,
go g-cluinfinn an ceól má tá binn;
atá go dearḃ, ar Glanluaḋ,
ní bréag a luaḋ, a's fós caoin.

Dó ṫriall Draoiġeantóir do'n ċarcair;
le Dáire do laḃair go borḃ teann;
do ċualaiḋ me a's ní feas an fior,
go seinnir go binn a's le greann.

Dá m-beiḋis an Fhiann uile am ḋáil,
Ba ġreann a's ba ṗáirt leó mo ċeól;
creidim naċ ionṁuin leatsa,
mo ċeól go dearḃ, ná mo ġlór.

Seinn dúinn anois do ċeól binn,
go ḃ-feasam an fior an ċáil úd;
má tá searḃ, ní binn liom é,
a Phádruig! is é adúḃairt.

Ni ḃ-fuilimse a ḃ-fonn ċum ceóil,
a Dhraoiġeantóir ar Dáire binn;
atáim féig fior-lag neaṁ-ṡuairc,
od' ġeaṡa rug buaḋ mo ġrinn.

Tógfadsa ḋíot bríġ mo ġeasa,
go seinntear leat dúinn ceól binn,
má ḃíoḋ binn a ḃ-fógar 'sa ḃ-fuaim,
ní ḟeicfead a nguais fear do ġrinn.

O. Draoigheantoir enquired of them,
How it was that Daire was an agreeable man?
They related to him truly,
That he was pleasant by fame and song.

"It would be my desire," saith Draoigheantoir,
"To hear the music if it be melodious,"
"Truly it is," saith Glanluadh,
"'Tis no lie to say so, and sweet withal."

Draoigheantoir went towards the dungeon,
And to Daire spoke fiercely and harshly,
"I have heard it said, and cannot tell if true,
That thou art a sweet and pleasant player."

"Had all the Fianna been with me,
My tunes would be their joy and delight;
But I believe that thou canst not relish,
My music, indeed, nor my voice."

"Play for us now a melodious tune,
Till we ascertain if this report be true,
If thy notes are harsh, they are not sweet to me,
O Patrick! this was what he said.

"I am not in a playing mood,
O Draoigheantoir," saith tuneful Daire;
"I am stricken, feeble, weak and sad,
From thy spells which overpowered my joy."

"I will release thee from the power of my spells,
Till thou play for us a melodious tune,
If it be sweet in note and sound,
I shall not see in bonds a man like thee."

O. Ní ċloċfaḋ liom feinnim go bfuaiḋ,
an ḟaicfiḋ Fhinn a nglaraiḃ daoi,
ir doilge liom é féin ran Fhiann,
ba fleaḋaċ fial, na mé féin!

Tógfadfa buaḋ na ngeafa d'Fhionn,
a'r feinn dúinn a Dhâirne an ġrinn,
má'r binn liom fuaim do méan,
ir aṁlaiḋ ir fóġaile fearta a m-briġ.

Do ċuir Dhaoiġeantóir a neaṁ-m-briġ,
geafa Fhinn a'r Dhâirne ḟuairc;
do ċug dóiḃ biaḋ gur deoċ,
a'r do ḟeinn Dâirne gan loċt, binn ḟuaim.

Do ċaiṫniġ le Dhaoiġeantóir go móir,
mar do ḟeinneaḋ an ceól le Dâirne,
do ġairm do'n ċaṫcair Glanluaḋ,
ag éirteaċt le ruairceaf ceóil Dhâirne!

Do ċaiṫniġ le Glanluaḋ a'r le Ailne,
an ceól do ḟeinn Dâirne go binn;
ba ġneann âḋḃal le Glanluaḋ,
naċ b-facaḋ a ngnuaim mar bí.

Ba lúṫġair liom an Dhaoiġeantóir,
Fionn go fóil fóm' fmaċt ó tâ;
cia b'é and do'n doman a b-fuilid,
a flóiġte uile do beiṫ na dâil.

Gaċ cnoċ, gaċ and, a'r gaċ iaṫ,
gaċ tuaiṫ d'ar ċnall do'n Fhéinn;
an long Fhinn agur Dhâirne,
ir an leirg feo ċângadar taob re taob.

O. I can never think of playing,
While I see Fionn in firm bonds;
I grieve more for him and the Fianna,
Who were hospitable and generous, than for myself."

"I will remove from Fionn the power of the spells,
And play for us, O pleasant Daire;
If the touch of thy fingers be sweet to me,
Evermore it will be more delightful."

Draoigheantoir weakened the spells,
Which bound Fionn and pleasant Daire,
He gave them food and drink,
And Daire, faultless, played a sweet tune.

It greatly pleased Draoigheantoir,
How Daire played the music;
He called to the dungeon Glanluadh,
To listen to the sweetness of Daire's strains.

Glanluadh and Ailne were much pleased,
With the music played melodiously by Daire,
Glanluadh was overjoyed,
At not seeing their gloom as it had been.

"It would be delightful to me," saith Draoigheantoir;
"As Fionn is still under my control,
Whatever quarter of the world his hosts are in,
They should be now with him."

Every land, country and island,
Every district in which the Fianna sojourned,
In quest of Fionn and Daire,
On this plain they met side by side.

O. Do bí Dáire ag reinnim go binn,
fó'n am 'nar ceacht do'n Fhéinn úd;
fó léim lúit agus mirne,
a b-fogar, Uc! cig fiad cúgainn.

An tan do cualaid an Fhiann,
an binn ceól dian fan Dháirne;
ní fada do h-éirtead leó,
an tan ba gleó a ngné gártha.

An tan do cualaid Draoigeantóir,
an uaill glór fin na Féinne;
do cuir a gearra a m-buaid brígh,
a n-dáil na dírre re céile.

Do balbuigead an ceól re Dáirne,
a'r an Fhiann ag uaill-gártha go lom,
nír b-fada go g-cualaman focrann,
fuaim an focair man gáir tonn.

Ní raib neac do fluaigte Fhinn
nár cuir gan móill a néalaib báir;
an tan do cuiread le Draoigeantóir,
a gearra fá brón na n-dáil!

Tainig Draoigeantoir a'r Ailne,
amac fa t-fáin go dlúth;
nír fágbadar neac do'n Fhéinn,
nár cugadar le céile do'n Dún.

A dúbairt Draoigeantóir go borb,
an tan fuair fá na cotram iad;
ó'r dírre uile fóm' rmacht,
ir dearb go g-cuirfead rib óm' riar.

O. Daire was melodiously playing,
At the time that the Fianna arrived;
In bounds of agility and joy,
Near to us, Alas! they come.

When the Fianna heard,
The high-sounding melodious strains of Daire
'Twas not long they listened,
When their joys ended in battle.

When Draoigheantoir heard,
The loud shouts of the Fianna,
He put his spells in full rigour
On the two together.

Daire's music became dull,
And the Fianna vociferating sadly,
'Twas not long till they heard a hoarse murmur,
Accompanied by a noise like the roar of waves.

There was not one of the host of Fionn,
That did not fall at once in the sleep of death;
When Draoigheantoir did put in focre
His spells in sorrow among them.

Draoigheantoir and Ailne came forth,
From their repose quietly,
They left not one of the Fianna,
That they did not bring together to the Dun.

Draoigheantoir vehemently said,
When he had them in his power,
"Now that you are all under my control,
Truly I'll put you out of my way."

O. Níor ḟág fear ar lúċ díob,
nár ċeangail fó ċuibreaċ ċruaiḋ;
do ċuir san g-carcair iad gan ċáirde,
a b-foċair Dháire a's Fhinn na n-duais.

An tan do ċonnairc Fionn a's Dáire,
an Fhiann ag teaċt láiṫreaċ do'n g-carcair
do ṡileadar go dian frasa deór,
'san Fhiann le ċéile dá b-freagair.

D'ḟág Draoiġeantóir sinn uile,
faoi ġeasaib na d-tuile 'nár n-dáil;
san g-carcair doiṁin úd fó ṗúdar,
ba sealad dúinn a g-cruaḋ-ċás.

A Dhraoiġeantóir, ar Glanluaḋ,
ó's dam féin a nguais fó smaċt;
má ṫaiṫniġ leat ceól Dháire,
a ṡeinnim dúinn traċt ba ṁaiṫ.

Má's mian leatsa, a Ghlanluaḋ,
ceól binn suairc, ar Draoiġeantoir;
is éigean do Dháire a ṡeinnim dúinn;
a's fós d'Fhionn, a's dá ṡluaġ.

Tháinig Draoiġeantóir do'n ċarcair,
Ailne ċaoin ċnearda a's Glanluaḋ;
sinne fó ġeasaib a's fó ċuibreaċ,
is doilg linn a beiṫ dá luaḋ.

Seinn dam go binn, ar Draoiġeantóir,
a Dháire, do ċeól suairc na b-Fiann;
is ionṁuin le Glanluaḋ ċaoṁ,
a's le Ailne an ġrinn seinnim gliaḋ.

O. He left none of them,
That he did not bind in hard fetters;
He sent them to the dungeon without delay,
Along with Daire and Fionn of the gems.

When Fionn and Daire saw
The Fianna approaching the dungeon;
They freely shed floods of tears,
And all the Fianna did the same.

Draoigheantoir left us all
Suffering under many spells;
In that deep dungeon in grief,
We were awhile in sadness.

"O Draoigheantoir," saith Glanluadh,
"As I am a captive in bonds,
If thou appreciate the music of Daire,
'Twould be well we heard it now."

"If thou desirest, O Glanluadh,
Melodious sweet music," saith Draoigheantoir,
"Daire must play for us,
And also for Fionn and his hosts."

Draoigheantoir came to the dungeon
With the gentle mild Ailne and Glanluadh;
We being bound by spells and fetters—
Sad it is to have to tell.

"Play for me sweetly," saith Draoigheantoir,
"O Daire, the sweet music of the Fianna,
'Tis delightful to Glanluadh the mild,
And the pleasant Ailne, the song of battle."

O. Ir neaṁ-ṡuaiṁc atáimṫe, an Dáiṁe,
ċum reiṁṁiṁ an tṁáṫ ro ne ṡneann;
a'r Fionn 'ra ṡlóiġte go duaiṁc,
fá ġearaiḃ a'r cruaḋ-ṡmaċt teann!

Cuiṁṡeaḋ mo ġeara a neiṁ m-briġ,
ḋo' ḋáilṫe aṁiṡ an Dṁaoiġeantóiṁ;
nó go reiṁṁeann leaṫ go bfuṁ dúiṁn,
do ċeól cúṁa a'r do ċaiṫmiṁṫe gleó!

Níor ṡeiṁṁeaṫ riaṁ ceól bfuṁ,
an Dáiṁe ne Dṁaoiġeantóiṁ;
an tan ir doiliġ do'n Fhéiṁn;
ir ġnáṫ liom ṡéiṁ beiṫ doiliġ leó.

Cuiṁṡeaḋra a neiṁ m-briġ ġeara Fhiṁn,
go reiṁṁeann leaṫ go bfuṁ dúiṁn ceól;
ṡuiġeaḋ caṫa na b-Fhiann,
'ṁa ġearaiḃ go dian fá ḋoḃróṁ!

Ní ṡéaḋṡaiṁṁe, do naiḃ Dáiṁe,
reiṁṁiṁ go bṁáṫ téad bfuṁ ṁuaiṁc;
a Dṁaoiġeantóiṁ, tuiġ go roiléiṁ,
ḋá m-beiḋ aon ṡeann do'n Fhéiṁn reo duaiṁc.

Do ċuiṁ Dṁaoiġeantóiṁ a neiṁ m-briġ,
na ġeara ó ḋáil Fhiṁn a'r a ṡluaġ;
nó ġur reiṁṁeaḋ le Dáiṁe an ġriṁḋ,
ġuṫ téad bfuṁ a'r ġáiṁ ṡuaiṁ.

Do ṫaiṫniġ ne Dṁaoiġeantóiṁ,
ṡóġar bfuṁ an ċeól ṁiṁ Dháiṁe;
do ṡeiṁṁ ann ṁiṁ a cúṁaḋ ṡéiṁ,
a'r cúṁaḋ na Féiṁne ḋá laṫaiṁ.

O. "Disageeable it is to me," saith Daire,
To play this time with pleasure,
And Fionn and his hosts in sadness,
Under spells and harsh control."

"I will lessen my spells
On thee again," saith Draoigheantoir;
"That thou may sweetly play for us,
Strains of sorrow and battle song."

"I never played sweet music,"
Saith Daire to Draoigheantoir;
"Whilst the Fianna are in sadness,
It is usual with me to be sad too."

"I will lessen the power of the spells on Fionn,
That you may sweetly play for us,
I will leave the Finnian hosts
Under the severe spells in gloom.

"I could not," saith Daire,
"Ever play a sweet-sounding chord,
O Draoigheantoir, understand clearly,
If any of the Fianna be in gloom."

Draoigheantoir lessened the spells,
On Fionn and his hosts,
Until the pleasant Daire played,
The voice of sweet chords and clamorous outcry.

Draoigheantoir was well pleased,
With the melodious power of Daire's music,
He then sung his own wail,
And the grief of the Fianna in their presence.

O. A dúbailt ann sin Dhaoigeantóin,
nán b-fada dóigh do'n Fhéinn
go b-fagdaoil uile le céile,
aiche gan bhéag an an éag!

Do éagbamailne uile an Fhiann,
uaill gáin dian-caoi agus deón;
an tan a dúbailt Dhaoigeantóin,
nán b-fada dóigh gan aiche an an éag.

Fo'n am sin do feinneadh le Dáine,
ceól uaill-gánta a'r thom caoi;
nión b-fada go d-táinig san doinn,
Dhaoigeantóin go borb án-caoin.

Do h-orgladh sin an doinn úd,
a'r dob' aithneach liom a teacht arteach;
d'féach Fionn ain go láy thuag,
a'r nión doilig leis gruaim na b-fean!

Do connaing Fionn ag sile síor,
le na gruadh ba gnaoi láy d'fola;
a'r do taitnig leis an t-amhain d'fágail,
thí bhaona na tán-nuidh deanig fola.

Do connaing an Fhiann uile iad,
ag sidh go dian ne h-ais a gruaidh;
acht amháin an dream do caillead,
do bhíg na ngeara san g-cancain cruaidh.

Nión feinneadh nión mó ne Dáine,
an tan táinig Dhaoigeantóin;
go n-dúbailt Fionn leis anís,
feinnim go binn gan cead dóigh.

O. Draoigheantoir then said,
That ere long the Fianna
Would all together,
Be entirely put to death.

We, the Fianna, all raised
A fierce wail, and wept in tears,
When Draoigheantoir said,
That they would soon meet death.

At that time Daire played
Strains of loud lament and heavy wailing,
'Twas not long till approached the door,
Draoigheantoir fiercely and uncouthly.

The door was opened by him,
And sorrowful to me was his entering,
Fionn mournfully gazed at him,
And he pitied not the grief of the men.

I saw Fionn dropping tears
Down his face full of blood;
And he was glad to have the view
Of three drops of trickling red blood.

The Fianna all beheld them
Flowing swiftly on his face;
Save only those who were killed
By the power of the spells in the close dungeon.

Daire played no more,
When Draoigheantoir came;
Till Fionn said to him again,
"Play sweetly without their leave."

O. Do ſeinn Dáire an comhairle Fhinn,
an ceól go téad-bínn do'n Fhéinn;
do ġab ſeanġ Dhaoiġeantóir,
ir ġairid ġur bhóḋ díḃ an re.

Do dúnaḋ nir an cáṫcair ġeara,
go lom daingean an an ḃ-Féinn;
a'r táinig tar n-air an cuairt,
mar a naiḃ Glanluaḋ a'r Ailne ſéin,

Ní naiḃ Lobaran na g-cómḋáil,
d'ſiaſnaiḋ go h-and cáir' ġab ſé,
d'innir Glanluaḋ a'r Ailne ḋo,
nár ḃ-ſeaſ ḋóiḃ cár ġab an laoċ.

Do ſġaiſt go boſḃ óṙand,
an Lobaran a g-clor do'n Fhéinn,
d'ſneaġair ſé a g-clúid do'n Dún,
do ġluair an lúṫ go naingi é.

Cá naḃair, a Lobarain, an cuairt,
an Dhaoiġeantóir go ġruama teann;
ir deanḃ lion ód' éiriall ró leiṫ,
ġur mian leat mé do beiṫ go ſann!

Do éiriall leir Lobaran ġan ſáṙ,
mar a naiḃ cáċ a nglaſaiḃ cruaiḋ;
do cuir na cómḋáil briġ a ġeara,
a'r d'ſáġ ran g-cairdin é raoi ġruaim!

Do bí noime a m-bruinniḃ báir,
a trí agur céad ſán ſeal do'n Fhéinn;
do beanaḋ ne Dhaoiġeantóir díoḃ,
go tapa na cinn ġan aon bhéiġ.

O. Daire played on the advice of Fionn,
The sweet-string music for the Fianna,
Draoigheantoir became angry,
"Ye shall soon suffer sorrow," said he.

He closed the door of the spell-bound prison,
Firm and strong on the Fianna,
And he returned again,
To where Glanluadh and mild Ailne were.

Lobharan was not with them,
He enquired loudly whither he had gone,
Glanluadh and Ailne told him,
That they knew not where the hero went.

He roared fiercely and vehemently,
For Lobharan in the hearing of the Fianna;
Who answered from a nook of the Dun,
And ran swiftly till he met him.

"Where wast thou, O Lobharan, on a visit?"
Saith Draoigheantoir sullen and fierce;
"I apprehend from thy going apart,
That it is thy desire to have me powerless."

Lobharan went quickly with him,
Where we were in firm bonds,
He laid his spells upon him,
And left him in the dungeon in gloom.

There were before him in the pangs of death,
One hundred and three Fenian chiefs,
Draoigheantoir did cut off
Quickly their heads, without untruth.

O. Do bí ag teacht cum Chonaill maoil,
a'r a lann líomhta na dóid go teann;
cá b-fuil do chall, a Dhiaoltheantóil,
fan go fóll, ná déan onm feall?

Do bí Diaoltheantóil faoi gharb chort,
a'r a lann gan corg ór cloinn Chonaill,
d'éirigh an fear maol do phreab,
a'r iall nior fan an a fuidheacan.

Corg do láimh? an Conán go truag,
ir leór duit mo ghuail mar táim;
ní b-fuil dul agam ó'n éag,
ná cuiridh thualaimhéil cum gnod báir?

Do chiall Diaoltheantóil uainn,
fan g-carcair fá ghuair d'fág rinn;
doilig dobhrónach lán-dúbach,
gan réim, gan lúth, an earbaid ghinn.

Do labair Lobarnan le Fionn,
a'r dúbairt go cluin, gan fíor do cách;
atá fan Dún léigear ár nGearra,
dá d-tigeadh linn teacht an fághail.

Chéad é rin? an Fionn na b-Fiann,
do béarfadh rian ó an nGearra dúinn;
ir truag gan é anoir an fághail,
a Lobarnáin má tá an buy fan Dún.

Atá ballán,[1] a Fhinn, fan Dún,
do béarfadh dúinn lúth agus rian;
dá n-biadh fé aguinn anoir,
nior b-fada an gorm nán b-fian.

[1] ballan, i.e., a magic bowl or goblet.

O. He was approaching Conan the bald,
And his polished lance firm in his hand,
" Where art thou coming, O Draoigheantoir,
Wait a while, deal not treacherously with me?"

Draoigheantoir was fiercely advancing,
And his lance unopposed raised over Conan,
The bald man rose in a bound,
And a thong remained not on his seat.

" Stop thy hand," saith Conan pitifully,
" Sufficient for thee is the danger that I am in,
I cannot escape death,
Do not send a miserable man suddenly to death."

Draoigheantoir departed from us,
In the dungeon in danger he left us;
Gloomy, mournful and sad,
Without sway, agility, or mirth.

Lobharan to Fionn spoke,
And he said privately unknown to all;
" There is in the Dun the cure of our spells,
If we could but find it."

" What is that?" saith Fionn of the Fianna,
" That will release us from our spells;
Pity it is not now at hand,
O Lobharan, if it be in the Dun."

" There is a bowl, O Fionn, in the Dun,
That would give us agility and power,
If we only had it now,
The venom would not long increase our pain."

O. Ay b-facaiḋ tú, an Fiomn,
ay ballay úd, a Lobanaiy ċaoiṁ?
d'fóillfeaḋ fiaṁ ayoiṙ ó ṡuaiṙ,
nó ṡ-cualaiḋ tú da luaḋ a bfiṡ?

Do ċualaiḋ mé aṡ Slanluaḋ,
ṡun fóiṙ i féin an ṡuaiṙ ay baiṙ;
a'ṙ d'iomṙuiṙ búiṁ fóṙ tre núy,
ṡo leiṡḟeaḋ ṡaċ púḋan da naiḋ nan n-dail.

Nion b-fada búiṁ aṁuil fin,
Dnaoiṡeantóiṙ ṡo d-tiṡ do'n ċaṙcaiṙ;
a lann na dóid ṡo liṁṫa dian,
ċum na Féinne uile do díṫċeannaḋ.

A fiṙ ṁaoil, do naiḋ Dnaoiṡeantóiṙ,
ṡléaṙ do ṁón-ċeann a'ṙ ṡab mo béim?
ní fuiṡḟeaḋ neaċ óṡ ná ánnaiḋ,
naċ cuineaḋ ċum baiṙ ayoiṙ do'n Fhéinn!

Tainṫe am ċnuaṡ-lóban boċt,
an Conan, ṡo doiliṡ lan-dúbaċ;
na cuiṙ ċoiḋċe mé ċum baiṙ,
ṡo leiṡeaṙtan leaṫ mo ċneaḋa an d-túṙ?

Do ṡoiṙ Dnaoiṡeantóiṙ an Ailne,
a'ṙ tainiṡ ri laiṫneaċ cúṡainn;
d'féaċ ri fó ṡnuaim ṡo fíor,
an ṙluaṡ na b-Fiann, a'ṙ an Fhiomn!

Tabaiṙ dam, an Dnaoiṡeantóiṙ,
ay ballay óiḋa na nṡeaṙ cnuaiḋ;
nó ṡo leiṡḟeaḋ ṡoiṁ tóna,
ay fiṙ ṁaoil ṁóiṙ úd fó ṡnuaim?

O. "Hast thou seen," saith Fionn,
"That bowl, O mild Lobharan?
That would release us now from bondage,
Or hast thou heard its powers proclaimed?"

"I have heard, from Glanluadh,
That it saved herself from the pangs of death,
And she told me also privately, [under."
That it would cure each wound we are labouring

Not long were we thus,
Till Draoigheantoir came to the dungeon;
His lance in hand sharp and severe,
To decapitate all the Fianna.

"O bald man," saith Draoigheantoir,
Prepare thy large head and receive my blow;
I will not leave one old or young of the Fianna,
That I shall not now put to death."

"I am a poor sickly leper,"
Saith Conan, sorrowfully, and gloomily;
"Never put me to death,
Till thou first heal my wounds."

Draoigheantoir called Ailne,
And she came into our presence,
She looked sorrowful, truly,
On the Fenian host and upon Fionn.

"Give me," saith Draoigheantoir,
"The golden bowl of the powerful spells;
Till I heal the posterior wounds,
Of that big bald man now in gloom."

O. Na leigir an fear maol úd, an Ailne,
ní púdar linn a cruad-car,
na tabairt do cairde ar bit,
na do'n Fhéinn act a g-cur cum bairr?

Ní jarrfaimh air mo cur ó'n m-bár,
a Gheal Ailne, do raid Conan maol;
act amháin na bead am lobar,
ar d-teact dam chaoccad do'n éag.

D'imtig Ailne do gabh chorr,
a'r d'féac go docht na diaig ar Fhionn;
nior b-fada go d-tainig arís,
a'r cnoicean do bí aice lán do clúmh.

Ceangail é reo, a Dhiaoigeantóir!
do tóin an fir maoil úd;
leigirfead gan fár goin a chéacht,
a'r tabairt an t-éag dóib a'r d'Fhionn.

Do glac Diaoigeantóir gan fár,
an cnoicean, a'r do ceap do Chonan;
do lean do ó'n lá rin gur chiall,
a'r ní raib riamh gan for-ainim na dáil!

Na cuirfe mire anoir cum báir,
ar Conán go tlác, a Dhiaoigeantóir;
fanfad ad dáil ó ro ruar,
mo díchéannad ba chuag gan cóir!

A Dhiaoigeantóir, ar Lobarán,
má'r mian leat ár m-bár go léir,
ir leór leat rin, mo rgéal chuag,
a'r an fear maol duairc do faoiad ó'n éag.

O. " Do not heal that bald man, saith Ailne,
His hard case is no harm to us;
Give him no time at all,
Nor to the Fianna, but put them to death.'

" I do not ask him to save me from death,
O fair Ailne," saith Conan the bald,
" But only that I shall not be a leper,
When Death comes to hew me down."

Ailne left in great haste,
And looked sorrowful at Fionn behind,
'Twas not long till she returned again,
And a skin she had with her full of feathers.

" Fasten this, O Draoigheantoir,
To the scars of that bald man;
'Twill quickly heal his wounds,
And put them and Fionn to death."

Draoigheantoir took without delay,
The skin and fitted it to Conan;
It stuck to him ever after,
And he never was without a nickname.

" Do not put me now to death,"
Saith Conan feebly, to Draoigheantoir,
" I will remain with thee from this time forward,
Pity to behead me without cause!"

" O Draoigheantoir," saith Lobharan,
" If thou desirest the death of us all,
'Tis sufficient for thee, my sad tale,
And the sullen bald man freed from death."

O. Ní deárnas cealg ná meang,
gairge 'na ceann ní raiḃ am ḋáil,
dá ḃríġ sin, a Dhraoiġeantóir,
ní ċuiḃe ḋuit leó anois mo ḃás!

Ní ċuirfeadsa ċum ḃáis tú,
a Chonáin, do ráiḋ Draoiġeantóir;
a's beiḋ' tú am ċómḋáil féin,
ar feaḋ do rae gan ċead dóiḃ?

Do ġluais Conán le Draoiġeantóir,
ós an g-carcair ar seól lom lúṫ;
níor stadaḋ do ṫrost garḃ leó,
go rángadar cóir ġeara an Dúin.

Do ġoir Draoiġeantóir ósárd
ar Ghlanluaḋ a's ar Ailne an ġrinn;
táinig Glanluaḋ fó lom lúṫ,
a's Ailne do'n ċur 'na raiḃ an dís.

D'innis Draoiġeantóir do na mnáiḃ,
go d-tug leis Conán ó ṡluaġ na b-Fiann;
go d-tóigfeaḋ bríġ a ġeas ó na ḋáil,
a's go m-beiḋ na ċómḋáil a's na rian.

Is eagal liomsa, a Dhraoiġeantóir,
ar Ailne, gur ab dobrón a's guais;
duitse a's damsa go lá an ḃráṫ,
Conán ad ċomḋáil do ḃeiṫ buan.

Créad is eagal dúinn a Ailne, ar sé,
ó'n b-fear maol do ḃeiṫ nár n-dáil;
ar eagla na meang ar ise,
ḃeiṫ buan na ġoile mar ċáċ?

O. "I never practiced treachery or deceit,
Valour or prowess was not in me found;
On that account, O Draoigheantoir,
You ought not with them put me to death."

"I will not put thee to death,
O Conan," saith Draoigheantoir,
"Thou shalt remain with myself,
Without their permission during your life."

Conan proceeded with Draoigheantoir,
From the dungeon in quick pace;
They ceased not their hasty speed,
Till they reached the magic spot in the Dun.

Draoigheantoir loudly called
Glanluadh and pleasant Ailne;
Glanluadh and Ailne came in quick haste,
To the place where the two were.

Draoigheantoir informed the women, [host;
That he brought with him Conan from the Finnian
That he would free him from the spells,
And would be with him always.

"I fear, O Draoigheantoir,"
Saith Ailne, "that grief and danger
Will be to you and me till judgment day,
If Conan is to live with thee."

"What cause of fear have we, Ailne," saith he,
"From the bald man being with us?"
"Fearing treachery," saith she,
"Being in his heart like the rest."

O. Ní cluḃṛaḋṛa cáṁḋe ḋo'n Fhéiṁn,
ʒan aiṫne aṛ an éaʒ ḋo ṫaḃaiṛṫ ḋóiḃ,
aṛ Dṛaoiʒeaṁṫóiṛ le Aiṛṁe ṡéiṁ,
a'ṛ ní ṡéiḋiṛ le Conán a ḃ-ṡóiṛ.

Níoṁ labaiṛ Conán ṡocal ṁiu,
ʒo ḋ-tuʒ Dṛaoiʒeaṁṫoiṛ na ḋeaṛ láiṁ;
an ballán úḋ na nʒeaṛ a ċlaoiḋ,
ʒuṛ ċóʒ a m-bṛiʒ ʒo ṡṛaṛ aṛ a ḋáil!

Fóʼn am ṛin ḋo ċualaḋaṛ ʒo bínn,
ceól cúṁa ḋo ṡeinn ḋóiḃ Dáiṛe;
ḋo ʒléaṛ Dṛaoiʒeaṁṫóiṛ ċuʒainn,
ḋo'n ċaṁcaiṛ fó lúṫ ʒo ḋána.

Ní ṛaiḃ laoċ ḋo ċaṫaiḃ Fhinn,
naċ ṛaiḃ lom cṛíon a ʒ-cṛuṫ ʒné;
ʒan lúṫ, ʒan ṫaṛa, ʒan ṫṛeoiṛ,
ó ʒeaṛa na ʒ-clóḋuiḋ ba ṫṛéan.

Do ḋeaṁnaḋ Dṛaoiʒeaṁṫóiṛ,
an ballán óṁḋa aʒ Conán;
ḋo ṫṛiall ṡéin aʒuṛ Slanluaḋ,
ḋo'n ċaṁcaiṛ ʒo luaiṫ a ʒ-coṁḋáil,

Cṛéaḋ ḋó ṫoṛʒ, a ṡíṛ ṁaoil,
fóʼn leanaiṛ ṛinn, aṛ Slanluaḋ?
ʒo ḃ-faʒainn aṁainc aṛ an ḃ-Féinn,
le linn a n-éaʒ a'ṛ a ḋ-ṫṛiall uaiṁ.

Ca ḃ-fuil an ballán, aṛ Dṛaoiʒeaṁṫóiṛ?
ċuʒaṛ ḋuiṫ ḋ'fóiṛ ḋo ʒeaṛa cṛuaiḋ;
ḋ'faʒḃaṛ é aṛ Conán láṁ ṁaol,
maṛ a ḃ-fuaṛaṛ é ṛlán fó ḃuaḋ!

O. "I shall not prolong the Fianna's time,
Until I put them all to death,"
Draoigheantoir saith to the gentle Ailne,
"And Conan cannot relieve them."

Conan to them did not speak,
Till Draoigheantoir placed in his right hand,
That bowl which would undo the spells—
Which suddenly released him from their power.

At that time they heard melodious
Strains of sadness played for them by Daire;
Draoigheantoir came towards us,
To the dungeon in haste haughtily.

There was not a hero of Fionn's battalions,
Who was not lean and withered in appearance;
Without nimbleness, agility or discernment,
From the effects of the severe spells on his person.

Draoigheantoir forgot
The golden bowl with Conan;
He and Glanluadh went
To the dungeon in haste together.

"What is the matter, O bald man,
That thou hast followed us," saith Glanluadh,
"To get a glance at the Fianna,
At their death and departure from me."

"Where is the bowl," saith Draoigheantoir,
"I gave thee to remove thy severe spells?"
"I left it," saith Conan the bald,
"Where I found it, full of power."

O. Do ġluais Draoiġeantóir uainn,
Do ġarḃ ṫrost cruaiḋ fó lán lúiṫ;
níor stadaḋ leis go ráinig,
an cor na raiḃ ġréiṫre an Dúin.

D'ḟóir Conán Osgur a's Fionn,
ó na geasaiḃ dlúiṫ do ḃí 'na n-dáil;
sul fó d-táinig Draoiġeantóir,
tar ais fó ṡeól gan fios an ḃalláin.

Do ġaḃ Osgur an ballán do láiṁ,
a's a lann líoṁṫa go dána na ḋóiḋ;
a's níor ḟulaing a ṫeaċt do'n ċarcair,
an Fhiann ó na ngeasa gur ḟóir.

Do ṡeinn Fionn an Dord Fhiann go binn,
a's Dáire re na ṫaoḃ fó ġreann;
do ġáireadar an Fhiann uile ósárd,
do ḃorb ġuṫ ba ráiḋte teann,

Do ġluais Ailne a's Glanluaḋ,
do ġarḃ ṫrost ċruaiḋ do'n ċarcair;
tá réim ag an ḃ-Féinn go fíor,
a Ailne, ar Draoiġeantóir, go dearḃ.

Do ḃuail Ailne na bara go lom,
a's do laḃair a ḃ-foġar nár ċaoin;
adúḃairt Conán ré ósárd,
cúis cruaḋ-ċáis ċúgad agus caoi!

A Dhraoiġeantóir, do ráiḋ Osgur,
ní ḃ-fuil do ċumas feasta ar an ḃ-Féinn,
do ġaḃ eagla agus uaṁan Ailne,
a's do ṫuit gan spás ris an éag!

O. Draoigheantoir departed from us,
In a brusque, rude manner and in full speed,
He tarried not till he reached,
The corner where the treasures of the Dun were.

Conan released Osgur and Fionn,
From the close spells which on them lay,
Before Draoigheantoir returned
In haste back without the knowledge of the bowl.

Osgur took the bowl in charge,
And his polished spear boldly in his fist;
And he did not suffer his approach to the dungeon,
Till the Fianna from their spells were released.

Fionn sounded the Dord Fhian melodiously,
And Daire stood at his side in gladness,
All the Fianna loudly shouted,
In a fierce voice of defiant speech.

Ailne and Glanluadh went,
In hasty quick walk to the dungeon,
"The Fianna have their liberty truly,
O Ailne," saith Draoigheantoir, "for certain."

Ailne wrung her hands in grief,
And spoke in terms not gentle,
Conan said to her aloud,
"May you get cause of affliction and mourning!

"O Draoigheantoir," Osgur said,
"The Fianna are no longer in thy power,"
Fear and terror seized Ailne,
And she at once fell dead.

O. Tá cumar na Féinne gan gó,
an Dhaoigeantóin, onm ir fíor;
a n-éiric mo ġeara a'r a m-buaḋ,
cur ó'n b-fear n-duairc a'r a neimh-mbríġ

Ní b-fuil agaḋ dul ó'n éag anoir,
a Dhiaoi ba ġlic an Orgur áig,
do ġeabair cómhac aon lámha,
gan ceilg aḋ ḋáil ó fluaigteib Fhinn?

Níor labair le h-Orgur tréan,
do ġlac a lann ġéar na ḋeaf ḋóid;
gur fiafraiḋ Orgur ḋo'n ḋaoa feacт,
an amuil ir maiṫ leat, a Dhiaoigeantóin.

Ir amlaiḋ, go deanḃ, an ay Diaoi,
béarra cruaiḋ-ġnímh glac láimh;
do gaṫ aon fear do'n Fhéinn,
gur tuitim dam féin no ḋóiḃ na ḋ-táin.

Do ġluair an Fhiann amaċ,
ar an g-carcair 'nar feal ḋóiḃ ḋúḃaċ;
do bí Ailne gan anam na rígḋe,
agur Glanluaḋ ag caoi fó púḋar!

Créaḋ fo do ṫairiaiḋ d'Ailne an ġrinn,
an Orgur do ġlóir ċaoin lán m-buaḋ;
do fuair rí aiṫne an an éag,
an Conán, a'r ní rgéal cruaġ!

Do bí a lann líomhṫa na ḋóid,
ag Dhiaoigeantóin an an n-doruir;
ag feiṫeamh an Chonáin ameairg ċáċ,
ċum a ċur ċum báir a gan fíor.

O. "The Finnian sway prevail, no doubt,
Over me," saith Draoigheantoir;
"In retribution for my spells and their effect,
Having been taken off the sullen man, and made
powerless."

"Thou canst not now escape death,
O crafty Draoi," saith noble Osgur,
"Thou shalt get single-handed combat,* [Fionn."
Without malice towards thee from the hosts of

He spoke not to the brave Osgur,
But took his sharp sword in his right hand;
Till Osgur asked a second time,
"Is this what you desire, O Draoigheantoir."

"It is, certainly," said the Draoi,
"I shall try the valour of hardy hands,
With each man of the Fianna,
Till I fall myself, or they [fall] in numbers."

The Fianna went forth [sadness;
From the dungeon where they were for a time in
Ailne was without life on their way,
And Glanluadh weeping in sorrow.

"What befel the pleasant Ailne?"
Saith Osgur in vigorous mild tones;
"She was made acquainted with death,"
Saith Conan, "and 'tis not a sad tale."

His polished sword was in the hand
Of Draoigheantoir at the door,
Waiting for Conan amidst them all,
To put him to death privately.

* i.e. Single combat.

O. Do connairc Oisin Dhaoisgeantóir,
a's a lann na bóid a sámhail catha;
adúbairt sir na bí dá luaidh,
go noisteamaoid cuairt ar catha.

Nion labairt leis Dhaoisgeantóir,
a's nion fág ar fód 'na naib na fearaibh,
go b-fuair amharc ar Chonan maol,
go d-tug amur-béim ar a dísteannaibh.

Ní naisig an lann ar fear maol,
do sgairt go tréan ar Oisin áig;
d'ionnsaig Oisin Dhaoisgeantóir,
a's tug gan gó do aitne an bair.

Do caiteamair uile an Fhiann,
deoch a's bladh san Dún go rúbach;
ar na marbach tar éis ár suain,
ní naib agusan tuarusgbail an Dúin.

Do bí cuid do brísg na ngeasa úd,
a Phádraig! dar liom, a n-dáil na h-Fiann
ó'n lá úd go lá a m-bair,
ir leis cuitheadar tnúth a's ní le Dia!

P. Nach abair tú go nabadam beó,
tar éis lion na ngeasa úd;
dá brísg sin ir cneasda an fiadnaise,
gun cuitheadar le Dia na n-dúl!

O. Ir é a deir mé leat, a Phádraig,
na nabadam ó'n d-tnáth úd tréan;
a g-cath na ngnímh na lann,
ir é claoid a d-teann a's ní h-é mac Dé.

O. Osgur saw Draoigheantoir
With his sword in hand as if for battle;
He said to him, "do not be boasting
Till we reach the place of battle."

Draoigheantoir did not speak to him,
And did not leave the spot on which he stood,
Until he saw Conan the bald,
And made a treacherous blow to behead him.

The sword did not reach the bald man,
He called loudly to noble Osgur;
Osgur attacked Draoigheantoir,
And without doubt made him taste of death.

We, the Fenians, all partook
Of food and drink jovially in the Dun;
On the morrow after our repose
We had no trace of the Dun.

There were some on account of those spells,
O Patrick, I apprehend, among the Fianna;
From that day till the day of their death
Who fell by him, and not by God.

P. Hast not thou said that they were alive
After those magic spells;
Therefore the evidence is conclusive
That they fell by God [the ruler] of the firmaments!

O. What I say to thee, O Patrick is,
That they were not from that time forth
Strong in battle, or in feats of arms, [Son of God.
And 'twas it that enfeebled their might, and not the

P. Ná bí feasta ag luaḋ na b-Fiann,
aċt goir ar Dhia, a ċríon t-seanóir;
'nois má's mian leat dul dá Dhún,
goir air ċúgad gaċ am do'n ló.

O. Má ġeallann tú dam gan gó,
triall liom go fóil dá Dhún súd;
ní ḃeiḋ mé a luaḋ ar an b-Féinn,
go d-tigeam a raon tar ais fó lúṫ.

P. Ma's triall do'n Dún úd dúinn,
ag aṁarc ar ġnúis ríġ na ngrás;
a Oisín! innsim duit go h-ait,
naċ fillfeam tar ais go bráṫ.

O. An tan do ṫriallfam ann súd,
a Phádruig! fúigse a ḃus an ċliar;
a's iarr ar Dhia na mór ḟeart,
fios do ċuir ar ṫeaċt na b-Fiann.

P. Ná cluinim tú feasta dá luaḋ,
ar imṫeaċtaiḃ ṡluaiġte Fhinn;
ná ag imċáin ar Dhia na ngrás,
a's éistfiḋ sé tráiṫ red' ġuiḋe.

O. A n-éistfiḋ sé rem' ġuiḋe ġlór.
Fionn a's a ṡlóiġte ṫeaċt dá Dhún;
má déantar liom a réir féin,
a's do réir, mar an g-céadna, go triall dúinn.

P. Eistfiḋ sé leat ar ḋéanaḋ a réir,
a's molfaḋ tú féin gur bí an ċiall is fearr;
ní ḃeiḋ ort easbaḋ na brón,
ag caiṫeaṁ na glóire a n-Dún Dhé.

P. Do not again of the Fianna speak,
But call on God, O withered old man;
If it be now thy desire to go to his mansion,
Call on him every hour of the day.

O. If thou promise me without falsehood,
To come with me for a while to his Dun;
I shall not be talking of the Fianna
Till we both return in strength.

P. If to that Dun we go,
To behold the countenance of the King of Grace,
O Oisin, I tell thee candidly
That we shall never return.

O. When we shall proceed there,
O Patrick, leave the clerics here,
And implore of the most powerful God
To send for the Fianna.

P. Let me not hear thee again proclaim
The progress of the hosts of Fionn,
Or the reviling of the God of Grace,
And he will timely hear thy prayer.

O. Will he listen to my prayerful voice
That Fionn and his hosts may come to his Dun,
If I perform his will,
And thine likewise, till we go there.

P. He will listen to you on following his ways,
And thyself shall see that it is the wisest thing;
Thou shalt not be in grief or want
Enjoying glory in the house of God.

O. Jannaimre an Dhia an d-túr,
ful fó naćad dá Dhún le teann;
flúirre ćun ćúzam do'n anán,
can zabair, a Phádruiz! aoir uaim?

SEILZ ZHLEANNA AN SMÓIL,

nó

EACHTRA NA HNÁ HOIRE TAR LEAR.

Pad. OISIN ir binn liom do béal,
az innirin rzéal azur duain;
an zać ánd-flaiť bí fan b-Féinn,
do beiread béim ann zać ceim chuaid.

Oir. Lá dá nabamar Oirín a'r Floinn,
a'r Fearzur binn a mac féin;
Orzun fuilteać, Diarmuid donn,
Conán maol a'r tuille do'n b-Féinn.

Az thiall ćum feilze maidean ćeódać,
zo Zleann an Smóil[1] ne án nzaðairr zo moć;
dan do lainre, a Chléirich cóir,
ba mór an n-dóććar ar luaðar an z-con.

[1] Zleann an Smoil, i.e. *The Valley of the Thrush.* The scene of this poem is generally supposed to be the valley in which the Dodder flows, which rises at the Kippure mountains, passing through the far-famed Donnybrook, now immortalised by the Rev. B. H. Blacker, in his recent interesting work, entitled *Brief Sketches of Booterstown and Donnybrook* (Dub. 1861), and emptying itself into the bay of Dublin at Ringsend. A writer in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society (see Vol. I., p. 357), attempts to prove that Gleann an Smoil is the name of a district near Sliabh-na-m-Ban in the county of Tipperary; but in a prose account of the poem in MS. in the

O. I ask of God first,
Before I go to his mansion with earnestness,
To send me abundance of bread,
Where art thou gone, O Patrick, now from me.

THE CHASE OF GLEANN AN SMOIL,

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE GIANTESS WHO CROSSED THE SEA.

PAT. OISIN, sweet are thy lips to me,
Reciting tales and poems;
About each chieftain of the Fianna,
Who dealt blows in fierce conflict.

OIS. One day that we were, Oisin and Fionn,
And sweet Fergus his own son,
Osgur of the battles, and Diarmuid Donn,
Conan the bald, and more of the Fianna,

Going to the chase on a misty morning,
To Gleann an Smoil early with our hounds,
By thy hand, O Just Cleric,
Great were our hopes in the fleetness of our dogs.

Library of Trinity College, Dublin, the scene is laid in Cualann, which originally comprised all the region traversed by the river Dodder.

In an unfinished work, entitled, *The Introduction to an Universal Irish Grammar*, &c. printed (although without place or date) at Carrick-on-Suir, by one Stacey about the year 1800, and now excessively rare, an imperfect copy of this poem is given in the Roman character; and it also contains a portion of another poem, written dialogue-wise, by William Meagher of Ninemile House, county Tipperary, an excellent Irish Scholar, on a sow that destroyed his collection of Irish MSS.

O. Do bí Sgeólán a'r Bran an éill,
ag Fionn réid iona dóid;
do bí a cú ag gac n-duine do'n Fhéinn,
a'r an ngadaill béil-binn ag déanad ceóil.

Do gluaiseamar cum tulca[1] ór cionn gleanna,
mar an b'aoibinn duilleabar an cnairn ag far;
bí éanlaith fuaime ag ceileabar ann,
'ran cuac go ceól-binn ann gac ard.

Do léig a nabamar ann do'n Fhéinn,
an g-conaire luaith léimneac faoi'n ngleann
do rgaoil Fionn a dá gadar déag,
a'r ba binne linn ná téada a nglam.

Dúirtear leó an eilit maol,
ba gile a taob ná eala an linn;
an taob eile ói an dat an guail,
a'r ba luaithe í ná reabac an coill!

Do rgaoil gac n-duine 'guinn a cú dá h-éill,
a'r do rgaoil Fionn féin Bran;
d'imtigeadar ar an n-aimaire go léir,
a'r ba beag an ngaor teact na ngan!

Ir mór an t-iongnad do rinn an rig,
do'n eilit maol fá na luar;
le gan fáinig maitear con na g-crioc,
a'r Bran, riam nán léig reilg uaid.

O moc maidne ba mór an fiadac,
do lean go dian an eilit luaith;
go d-tainig ominn dub na h-oidce,
a'r nac facamar gadar 'ná cú.

[1] Tulca, the genitive singular form of the word Tulac, a small conical hill found in various parts of Ireland and Scotland; and supposed to be places of interment in pagan times.

O. Sgeolan and Bran were leashed,
In mild Fionn's hand;
Each of the Fianna had his own hound,
And our sweet-tongued dogs in full cry.

We proceeded towards a Tulach above a glen,
Where sweet blossoms grew on trees;
Pleasant birds were warbling there,
And the sweet-toned cuckoo on every side.

All of the Fianna, who were assembled there,
Let loose their swift hounds in the glen;
Fionn loosened his twelve dogs,
And sweeter to us than harpstrings was their howl.

A young doe was started by them,
Her side was whiter than a swan on the lake;
The other side was as black as coal,
And more swift was she than a hawk in the wood.

Each of us loosened his hound from its leash,
And Fionn himself let go Bran;
They departed from our sight,
And small was our chance of nearing them.

Great was the amazement of the king,
At the fleetness of the young doe;
In which she outstripped the best hounds in the land,
Even Bran, who never lost a chase.

From morn's dawn great was the chase,
In quick pursuit of the swift doe;
Until the darkness of the night came upon us,
And did not see a hound or dog.

O. Chuir Fionn a ordóg 'na béal,
a'r do éagaid í fá na béad go cruaid;
ann rin, d'fiafruigid Conán maol,
cár gab an ngabhair béil-binn uainn?

Dar do laimhrig, a Chonáin maoil,
do raid Fionn gnoidhe an flaith;
ní fillfidh tar n-air ormuinn anír,
d'ar leag an eilit maol act Bran.

Do éuir an Fhiann go mór a m-brón,
a'r nír b'iongnadh dóibh do dí é a g-con;
ir é a dubhradar, nach feilg cóir,
do éanlaidh dóibh 'ran ngleann go moch.

Nior b-fada go b-facamar éagainn ran ngleann,
Bran a'r í ruaidhte fáinnigthe fliuch;
a'r an d-teacht di d'ar láthair,
dar do láimh ba éruagh a cruth.

Do luidh rí rior a b-fiadhaibhe Fhinn,
do goil go fuigheach, a'r do rgnead go truagh;
ir cormhúil a cóileann, do raid Fionn,
go b-fuil an g-cinn a g-contabairt éruaidh!

Neimh-ní linne, do raidh an Fhiann,
laoch dá éréine do éig tar muir;
ir meara linn a beith d'ar n-dí é,
an ngadhair béil binn a'r an g-coin.

An rath na b-focal rin dóibh,
tig dá láthair bean dob' áilne fruad;
bí folt ón-buidhe léithe ag fár,
go mothain a rála rior go dhúth.

O. Fionn put his thumb in his mouth,
And chewed it tightly between his teeth;
Then enquired Conan the bald,
Whither went our sweet-tongued dogs from us?

"By thy hand, O Conan the bald,"
Saith magnanimous Fionn, the chief;
"There will not return to us again,
Of all that followed the doe but Bran."

The Fianna fell in deep despair,
And no wonder, at the loss of their hounds;
And they said, "it was not a real chase,
They met in the glen so early."

[glen,
'Twas not long till we saw coming towards us in the
Bran, and she fatigued, weary and wet,
And on her coming in our presence,
By thy hand her appearance was pitiful.

She laid down before Fionn,
She cried bitterly, and howled piteously;
"'Tis likely, my dog," saith Fionn,
That our heads are in great danger."

"We disregard," saith the Fianna,
"The mightiest hero that crossed the sea;
Worse to us is the loss
Of our sweet-tongued dogs and hounds."

Upon their saying these words, [countenance,
There came in their presence a woman of fairest
Her golden locks growing with her
Till they reached her heels down to the dew.

O. Do bí a gruaḋ an ḋaċ ay nóṙ,
a'ṙ a bṙaoiṫe móḋṁaiṙ ba bṙeaġ geal úṙ;
a ṙoṙga glaṙa, glaya, gay ċeó,
a'ṙ a béiliṁ biyy do labaiṙ go ciuiṁ.

Jṙ e adúbaiṙc, tá coiṙe 'gam ḋuiṫ, a Fhiyy,
a'ṙ dá b-ṙuil agaiḃ ayy do'y b-Féiyy;
go teaġlaċ iyġíye aṁd-ṙíġ Gṙéag,
tá le tṙí ṁí a y-Giṙiyy gay ṙíoṙ díḃ!

A y-Oileay ya h-Jyyṙe tá céad baṙc,
tuġ a h-aċaiṙ ṙéiy maṙ ṙéiṙiṁ dí;
jṙ ioṁda óiġ-beay ṁaiṙeaċ bláċ,
do ċaiyiġ léi taṙ ṙáil ayoiṙ.

Jṙ ioṁda loiyġeaṙ líoyta d'ón,
d'aiṙġead, do ṙṁóll, a'ṙ do ṙíoda báy;
ċaiyiġ liyy ayoiṙ ray nód,
a'ṙ go leóṙ eile yaċ b-ṙuil mé náḋ.

Jṙ ioṁda oiġṙéaḋ láy do beoiṙ,
jṙ ioṁda bioṙ ṙá ṙeóil dá gṙíoṙ,
agur coiy yiġte, a'ṙ ón-ċeaṁd,
tá néiḋ ṙaḋ' ċóṁaiṙ, a Fhiyy?

Jṙ ioṁda loiyġeaṙ ata aṙ muiṙ,
agur páláṙ geal aṙ tíṙ;
tṙíllreáiy ṙoillreaċ aṙ laṙaḋ,
tá aice ṙaḋ' ċóṁaiṙ go ṙíoṙ.

Daṙ do láiṁṙe, aṙ Coyay maol,
yí b-ṙuaṙaṙ am' ṙaoġal cuiṙe jṙ ṙeáṙṙ;
jṙ móṙ m'ocṙaṙ agur m'íota,
jṙ é mo ḋíṫ gay mé ray áiṙ!

O. Her cheeks were like the rose,
And her stately neck so fresh and fair;
Her clear blue eyes without a speck,
And her melodious mouth that gently spoke.
[O Fionn,
'Twas what she said, "I have an invitation for thee,
And for all the Fianna who are here, [of Greece,
To the mansion of the daughter of the chief king
Who is three months in Erin unknown to you.

"In Oilean-na-h-Innse there are a hundred barks
Her father gave her as a present;
And many a blooming maiden young,
Who came with her across the sea from the east.

"Many ships freighted with gold,
Silver, satin, and white silks,
We brought from the east on our way,
And many other things that I do not mention.

"Many a vessel full of *beoir*,
And many a spit of broiling beef,
And clean goblets, chased with gold,
Will be ready before thee, O Fionn.

"Many a ship on the ocean,
And white palace on the land,
Torches brilliantly lighted,
She will have before thee ready."

"By thy hand," saith bald Conan,
"I got not in my life a better invitation;
Great is my hunger and thirst,
My grief, that I am not in the place."

O. Fillear an bean dob' ailne rgéim,
ran nód céadna 'na d-tainig 'nan ngan,
a'r do leanamain i go luaid,
go h-Oileán Inure fluag na m-ban.

Do failtigead romainn ag bantracht Ghréag,
ruidtean búind a'r gléartan biad;
cuinead orna fíon a'r beoin,
man ba cóin do rig a'r do éniad.

An tan corgmain an n-ocnar do biad,
a'r an n-íota d'fíon a'r do beoin,
do labain Fionn an flaid fial,
a'r dúbaint go naéad cum ruain go fóil.

An nád na b-focal rin tig da láéain,
bean ba gnáinne an bid rnód;
a conóin óin an a ceann,
a'r folt dub rlim lé rior go dnúét.

Do bí a dnaid taob amuig da béal,
ag an b-péird nán b'aoibinn cnuc;
a déad fiacal banna géan,
a'r néama léi rior na fnuc.

Do bí guaineac fada dub,
man fionnfa tuinc ag fár 'na bléin;[1]
ag rile rior lé go h-alt,
man beid cruit le fuineann téad.

Do bí bnat fainring fada rnóll,
da folac go bnóig a'r taob de bán;
an taob eile an dac an guail,
'rní naib bean ran t-fluag ba mó gnáin.

[1] Plica Polonica?

O. The woman of the finest shape returns
The same road in which she came to us;
And we followed her shortly after
To Oilean na h-Innse of the hosts of women.

The Grecian ladies welcomed us;
Tables were laid, and food was prepared;
Wine and *beoir* were laid on them,
As it was meet for a king and chief.

When we appeased our hunger with food,
And our thirst by wine and *beoir*,
Fionn, the generous chief, spoke,
And said, that he would go to rest awhile.

On saying these words there approacheth him
The ugliest woman the world ever saw;
There was a crown of gold on her head,
And thin locks of black hair reaching the dew.

The teeth protruded outside the lips,
Of this reptile of unpleasant form;
Her sharp-pointed set of teeth,
And rheum pouring from them in streams.

There was long black hair,
Like the bristles of a wild boar growing on her body,
Hanging down to her ankles,
Like unto a harp when fully strung.

There was a loose long robe of satin
Covering her to her shoes; on one side white,
The other side as black as coal,
And there was not in the host an uglier woman.

O. Fáilte romhat a rígh na b-Fiann,
Ir iad na briathra do chain rí;
Ir leat iomlán mo chuid barc,
mo bannchnáct álainn a'r mé mar mhaol.

Ir mé iníghean ard rígh Gréag,
ná dearna cumann le céile fir!
go d-táinig mé anoir fód' déin,
a rígh na Féinne tar mór muir.

Do ghabair airgead agus ór,
do ghabair uirnaim fór a'r buaid;
tar a b-fuil do laochra láidre cródha,
fan domhan mór o thear go tuaidh.

Dar do láimhri, a iníghean an rígh,
do ráidh Fionn, chroidhe nár mheirbh;
ní ghabad féin leat mar mhaol,
a'r gur tú bí romham a nius 'fan t-reilg.

Aithnígim ar do bhrat fairrinn fhóill,
gur tú bí ngleann an fhóil romhainn go moch;
a'r fiafraidhim díot a mairgeann beó,
ar ngabair béal-binn a'r ár g-coin.

Dar do láimhri féin, a Fhinn,
gé'r mór é fíoch búr g-conairt ghairg,
cáid fiad uile marbh gan bríg,
ácht Bran an rígh rug buaidh gach realg.

Ir iomda laoch, láidir, luath,
a'r gairgíneach chuaidh a g-cath;
do chuir liomsa a d-torach fluagh,
a'r ar mo buaidh ní beirgeadh neart.

O. "Welcome to thee, O king of the Fianna,"
Were the words which she said;
"You shall have all my barks,
My fine women, and myself as thy wife.

"I am the daughter of the supreme king of Greece,
Who never made love to any man,
Till I came from the east to visit thee,
O king of the Fianna, across the high sea.

"Thou shalt get silver and gold,
Thou shalt have respect and power,
Over all renowned valiant heroes
In the whole world, from North to South."

"By thy hand, O Daughter of the King,"
Saith Fionn, of the stout heart,
"I will not take thee for a wife.
And it was thou I met today in the chase.

"I know by thy broad satin mantle,
That it was you we met at Gleann-a-Smoil at dawn;
And I ask of thee whether there be alive
Our sweet-tongued dogs and our hounds."

"By thine own hand, O Fionn,
Tho' great the fury of thy fierce hounds,
They are all dead without strength,
But Bran the king's that won each chase.

"Many a strong swift hero,
And champion in battle stern,
Have fallen by me in front of the hosts,
And my victory they never checked.

O. Jr ní mó, ní fillfead tar tuinn,
zo m-beifead buad liom ó'n b-Féinn;
rzaċfad búr z-cinn ó búr z-coifp,
cia mór búr neart a'r búr d-tréin.

Do feinn rí ceólta nó bínn ríċe,
le'r ċaill zaċ laoċ azuinn a neart;
do ceanzlaó rinn le h-inzean an ríz,
cé'r mór ar nzníom ann zaċ caṫ.

Do ċarnaing a lann fuilteaċ líomḋa,
ir í lán d'fíoċ, ionna láim ḋeir;
zur rzoṫ na cinn do ċéad laoċ,
a'r ba mór an t-uamḋan dír na b-fear.

Ní raib beó ran Inntre acṫ mé,
Conán maol, a'r Diarmuid Donn;
Fearzur file a'r Orzur tréan,
an tan do labair m'aċain Finn.

Zabaim do ċoimirc a inzean an ríz,
ná cuir do'n t-raoizeal aon fear ní bur mó;
a'r zo nzeabainn féin leat mar mḋaoi,
muna m-beiṫ Zoll caoċ na nzníom cruaiḋ.

Dá n-déanfainn malairt ar mo mḋaoi,
do ċuirfeaḋ mé do'n t-raoizeal ċum báir,
a'r an bean do zabar a b-túr mo faoizil,
leir an b-fear caoċ zo b-fuil a páirt,

Dar do láimḋe féin, a Finn,
bainfeaḋra a ċeann de Zoll mór;
a'r da nzabann leir do'n Féinn,
mar a nzlacaiḋ mé mar bannízain dóib,

O. "And, moreover, I shall not return across the sea,
Until I gain victory over the Fianna;
I will sever the heads from your bodies,
Though great your strength and your might."

She sang melodious fairy strains,
By which each hero lost his strength;
We were [spell]-bound by the king's daughter,
Though great our deeds in every battle.

She drew her sharp blood-stained sword,
(Full of fury) in her right hand,
She cleft the heads off a hundred heroes,
And great was the alarm at the loss of the men.

There were not alive in the Inch but I,
Conan the bald, and Diarmuid Donn,
Feargus the poet, and valiant Osgur,
When my father Fionn spoke.

"I implore thy protection, O Daughter of the King;
Do not deprive of life any more men;
And I would take thee as my wife,
Were it not for Goll the blind of the stern deeds.

"If I exchanged my wife
He would put me to death;
And the woman I took in my youthful days,
Places her affections on the blind man."

"By thine own hand, O Fionn,
I will cut the head off the great Goll,
And off all the Fianna in his ranks,
If they receive me not as their queen."

O. Do ċóṫ rí léi a cablaċ ṁóṁḃraċ,
a'r a cṫaṁṁaiḃ reóil go h-aṁḋ le gaoiṫ;
Gur ġaḃ talaṁ a m-Beiṁ Gadair[1] na slóġ,
maṫ a naiḃ Goll cróḋa na laṁ caoiṁ.

[1] Beiṁ Gadair, now the Hill of Howth, the landing place of all foreigners who came to fight Fionn and the Fianna Eireann in battle. According to the Agallaṁ na Seanoṁṡóṙ, or *Dialogue of the Sages*, in the reign of Artuir Mac Beine Briot, it was at this hill the Fianna received horses for the first time; and Fionn is represented as having made the chase of the hill; and after the chase, resting on Carn na b-Fiann (i.e. the Carn or sepulchral pile of the Fianna), which is said to lie between Benn Hedir and the sea. It would be curious as well as interesting to antiquaries if this carn could now be identified. There are at present three large pinnacles or peaks of this kind on the summit of the hill, one of which must certainly be the carn alluded to in the poem.

Three Irish bards once contended as to which would be the victor in giving the best poetical description of this locality; but it would appear, from the numerous repetitions of words and phrases by the second and third bards, that the first man entirely absorbed the subject, and left the others but very little chance of success; however, here follow their effusions, and we leave the reader to judge to whom the palm belongs.

Molaḋ Bheinne h-Eadair le Tríúr Filiḋe.

An Ċéad Fhile.

Is aoiḃinn beiṫ a m-Beiṁ Gadair,
Fíṁ-biṁ beiṫ ór a bán ṁúṁ;
Cnoc lanṁar loṁgṁar líoṁṁar,
Beann fíoṁṁar foṁṁar faġṁar,

Beann iona m-bíoḋ Fionn a'r Fianna,
Beann iona m-bíoḋ cuiṁṁ a'r cuaċa,
Beann ḋá b-cuġ O'Duiḃne ḋána
Leis Gnaiṁṁe do ṁuiṁ ruaġa.

Beann toṁ-ġlar feaċ gaċ tulaċ,
'Sa mullaċ cnaṁ-ġlar coṁṁaċ;
Cnoc lanṁaċ cneaṁaċ cnaṁṁaċ,
Beann ballaċ beaṁgaċ moṁgaċ.

Beann is ailne ór iaċ Cṁeann,
Glé beiṁ ór faiṁge faoileann;
A tréigean is céiṁ ċruaiḋ liom,
Beann aluiṁ Gadair aoiḃiṁ.

O. She sailed forth with her proud fleet,
And her sail masts high before the breeze,
Till she landed in Beinn h-Edair of the hosts,
Where the heroic Goll of the sharp blades was.

AN DARA FILE.

Minic fo'n maoilinn mongaig,
Laoiċ a's laoiḃeang gan laige;
Go lomuid bórda luiġe loinge,
Re toṅnaiḃ úra ard ḟaille.

Áluinn a maġ 'sa móir-ḃeann,
'Sa fearann ós tuinn t-seaġuin;
Go ró cluain ċairn ċaoiṁ Fhinn,
O ḃruġ aoiḃinn ard Eadair.

AN TREAS FHILE.

Beann as aoirde 'na gaċ tulaċ,
Gaċ mullaċ cúṁ-ġlas corraċ;
Beann íṁleaċ monngaċ mongaċ,
A's cnoc crannaċ creaṁaċ corraċ.

Do ċíḋtear do ṁaoilinn do ṁonga,
Longa agas laoċra da leaga;
Baintear clar ós taoḃ loinge,
Do ḃríġ buille ard aille.

Is mairg an banna bristear
Le faoḃar fuinniṁ ḃúr d-taisdil;
'Sgo m-briseann tonn le trom-osnaḋ,
Asnaḋ is na longaḋ lasda.

THE PRAISE OF BEINN EADAIR (HOWTH) BY THREE BARDS.

THE FIRST BARD.

Delightful it is to be at Benn Eadair,
Truly-melodious it is to be upon its white fortress;
A hill ample, shipful, populous,
A peak, in wine, in *carns*, in feasts abounding.

A hill on which Fionn and the Fianna used to meet,
A hill where horns and cups overflow;
A hill to which O'Duibhne the dauntless,
Brought Grainne from her close pursuers.

An tan do ċonnairc Goll tréan,
  an ċaḃlaċ ġléarta ag teaċt ċum cuain;
  is é dúḃairt nár ṁaiṫ an sgéal,
  an ṁéid do'n Ḟhéinn ṫeasdaiġ uaiḋ.

Ann sin d'ḟiafraiḋ Goll tréan,
  cia ḃéarfaḋ sgéala ċuige o'n g-cuan;
  adúḃairt Caoilte gur b'é féin,
  do ṫaḃarfaḋ tuarasgḃáil ó'n t-sluaġ.

Gluaisear an laoċ láidir luaṫ,
  meanmnaċ, buan, lán do ḃríġ;
  go ráiniġ sé corp an t-sluaġ,
  a's do ḃí an ḃean ṁór roiṁe a d-tír.

Ar b-faicsin mí-sgéiṁ na mná,
  méad a cnáṁa a's a faoḃair;
  do ċrioṫnuiḋ sé ó ḃonn go bárr,
  cé d'ḟiafraiḋ go h-árd cár b'as do'n mnaoi?

A wave-green hill surpassing each Tulach,
  And its green-tree tapering summit,
A hill of *carns*, wild garlic, and fruit trees,
  A variegated, pinnacled, woody hill.

The loveliest hill in Erin's isle,
  A hill brighter than the gull on the shore,
To part is sore grief to me,
  The delightful, pleasant Benn Eadair.

THE SECOND BARD.

Oft beneath the grassy hill are seen,
  Champions and sails without debility;
Till the gunwales of their keeling ships are level,
  With the deathful waves which dash against the tall cliffs.

Beautiful its plains and tall peaks,
  And its lands overhanging the stormy waves,
Till it reaches the *carn* of the gentle Fionn,
  From the delightful mansion of lofty Edair.

O. When the mighty Goll saw
The full-rigged fleet approach the bay,
He said it was bad news
To have so many of the Fianna absent.

Goll the brave then asked,
Who would bring him news from the bay;
Caoilte said it was he himself
That would bring tidings from the hosts.

The valiant vigorous hero goes,
High-spirited, daring, full of life,
Until he reached the body of the host,
And the big woman was before him landed.

On beholding the ill appearance of the woman,
The largeness of her bones and her sharp visage,
He trembled from head to foot,
Though he loudly asked whence the woman came?

THE THIRD BARD.

A hill exceeding in height all Tulachs,
Each peak equally green and steep;
A hill covered with herbs and plants,
A steep hill covered with woods and wild garlic.

There are seen from the top of its peaks,
Ships laden and heroes falling;
A plank is driven through the ship's side
By the violence of her dash against the tall cliffs.

Woe it is the bonds that are broken,
By the fierce might of thy visit,
And that a wave bursts with a heaving crash,
A rib in the over-laden vessel.

O. Mise, ar sí, inġean ard ríġ Gréag,
do ḋéanfainn coṁrac le deiċ g-céad laoċ ;
a's beir sin leat mar sgéala uaim,
mar a ḃ-fuil an Fhiann a's Goll caoċ.

Aiṫris dóiḃ fós gan ḃréig,
go sgriosfaḋ mé feara Fáil ;[1]
muna d-toġaḟaid mé mar ċéile,
do ríġ na féinne Fionn an áiġ.

Ar ḟilleaḋ do Chaoilte tar ais,
a's ar ċlos na m-briaṫar do Ġholl ċaoċ ;
do ċuir deiċ g-céad cróḋa a n-airm gairge,
ċum dul do ċoṁrac inġine ríġ Gréag.

Ní ḃ-fuil neaċ do ḃí tréan a n-airm,
nár leagaḋ san g-caṫ ris an mnaoi ;
go n-dúḃairt Goll dá ngéillfeaḋ cáċ,
go d-taḃarfaḋ éiric 'na n-deárnaḋ sí.

Go moċ do ló éirġeas Goll,
faoi ċlogad trom a's faoi sgiaṫ ;
a ċloiḋeaṁ fuilteaċ iona ḋóid,
ċum dul ag coṁrac ris an mnaoi.

Cia go m-ba laoċ láidir Goll,
ba lag lorg a láṁ san ngníoṁ ;
cé gur ċruaiḋ a lúireaċ a's a sgiaṫ,
is iomḋa cneaḋ do ḃí 'na ṫaoiḃ.

M'aṁgar croiḋe ! ar feaḋ trí lá,
gan biaḋ, gan codla, gan suan ;
do ḃí an ḋís go tréan feargaċ,
gan fios cláir na treise buaḋ.

[1] Fáil or Inis Fáil, one of the ancient names of Ireland. See *Keating*.

O. "I am the daughter of the chief king of Greece,
I would fight a thousand men;
And take this with thee as a message from me,
To the Fianna and Goll the blind.

"Tell them also truly
That I will annihilate the men of Fail,
Unless they choose me as a wife
For the Finnian king, the noble Fionn."

On Caoilte's return,
And when Goll the blind the message heard,
He sent a thousand heroes armed for battle,
To fight the daughter of the king of Greece.

There was not one who was expert at arms,
That did not fall in battle by the woman;
Till Goll said, that if she was pleased,
He would give *eric** for all she did.

Goll arose in the morning early,
In heavy helmet and shield;
His blood-stained sword in his hand,
To go to fight the woman.

Although Goll was a powerful hero,
Weak were the traces of his arm in the action;
Although his armour and shield were tempered,
Many wounds were in his side.

My heart's grief! for three long days,
Without food, sleep, or repose,
The two were fierce and wrathful,
Without knowing who would be victorious.

* *i.e.* Ransom.

O. Do bámaiṁe, a ṁaiḃ ran Inore do'n Fhéinn,
a'r Conán maol na ṁaiḃ gan gruaim;
d'án g-coiméad ag caogad ban,
go n-deaċadar uile ċum ruain.

Labrar Diarmuid déad-ġeal gníomh,
do ċoṁnáḋ ċaoin ṁir an óig;
m'aṁgar croiḋe! a rréiṁbean ṁín,
gan mé 'gur tú raoi briataiḃ róir.

Ir tú ir áilne niaṁ tar ṁnáiḃ,
'rir glaire, moḋṁaire, fleaḋ rúl;
a gnáḋ tar ṁnáiḃ an doṁuin,
éalóḋ leat ir é mo ḋúil.

Dar go deiṁin ma'r fíor do rgéal,
do ṁáiḋ an óig do ċoṁnáḋ ċaoin;
fuargloċad tu ór do ṁór péinn,
a'r a b-fuil do'n Fhéinn annro ar do flíġe.

Fuargail rinne ar án b-péinn,
ir leat go deiṁin ní déanfainn bréag;
a'r go m-biaḋ tú agamra man ṁnaoi.
an feaḋ ṁaiṁfead ar an b-Féinn.

Tógbar án n-driaoiġeaċt dínn gan ṁoill,
do ċuġ dúinn án lúċ a'r án neaṁt;
coṁḃrear Diarmuid teora póġ,
do'n macaoiṁ mná dob' áilne dreaċ.

Do buain Conán, an ceann gan ṁoill,
le na lann do'n macaoiṁ úr;
d'fuargail é ó na ġéar péinn,
a'r a naiḃ do'n Fhéinn ann fa púḋar.

O. We, the Fianna, all who were on the plain,
And Conan the bald, who was not without gloom,
Were guarded by fifty women,
Until they all fell asleep.

Diarmuid the bright-toothed and cheerful spoke,
In gentle converse with the maid;
"My heart's grief! O gentle woman,
That thou art not my wedded wife.

"Thou art the Fairest of the Fair,
With the most stately greenish glancing eye;
O Love! above all earthly women,
To elope with thee is my desire."

"Verily, if what thou sayest be true,"
Saith the maid in gentle strains,
"I will release thee from thy great pain,
And all the Fianna who are here with thee."

"Release us from our pain,
To you truly I would tell no lie;
And that thou shalt be my wife,
Whilst I live with the Fianna."

She removes our spells without delay,
And restores us to our usual strength;
Diarmuid embraces with kisses many
The young maid of the fairest face.

Conan quickly cuts off the head
Of the young maid with his sword;
She who released him from his bitter pains,
And all the Fianna that were bound.

O. Tuz Diarmuid rsiaca buile ar an b-Féinn,
a'r ar Chonan maol bí riam go h-olc;
muna m-beid Orzur do corz a lann,
do rsiósfead fé an ceann dá corp.

Labrar Diarmuid go nactmar fíocmar,
lán d'feillz a'r d'fíoc na méinn;
cméad an fád ar bainir an ceann,
do'n mnaoi d'fuarzail rinn ó féinn?

Dá m'inzean damra í, ar Conán,
nó fór an matair do ruz me féin;
do bainfinn a ceann dá zeal bnázaid,
a d-taob me fázbail cómh fada a b-féinn?

Do zluaireamar zan rtad, zan rzíd,
mar ar tnearznad an Fhiann nir an mnaoi,
a'r ar d-teact dúinn tnácht cum lácair,
do conaircamar án a'r earbad laoic!

Do bí Zoll faoi clozad a'r faoi rziat,
az ríor cneara comhraic le h-inzean an ríz;
a'r í dá zoin le mór iomad cméact,
d'fáz an laoc zan neart, zan bríz.

Jarrar Orzur cead ar Zholl,
dul do comhrac leir an mnaoi;
a'r dúbairt zur doilb leir a cár,
beid faoi cneádа a'r fá mí-znaoi.

Ní b-fuil aon laoc ran domhan beó,
ná a n-Éirinn dá aoirde cáil;
do léizfinnre a comhrac leir an mnaoi,
zo n-iocad liom ar ron an áir!

O. Diarmuid made a frantic blow at the Fianna,
And at bald Conan, who was always wicked;
Had not Osgur warded off the sword,
He would have cut the head off his body.

Diarmuid spoke fiercely and vehemently,
Full of anger and venom in his mind;
"Why is it that thou didst cut off the head
Of her who released us from pain?"

"Had she been my daughter," saith Conan,
"Or yet the mother that gave me birth,
I would cut off the head from her white neck,
For having left me so long in pain."

We proceeded without rest or ease,
To where the Fianna were slaughtered by the woman;
And on our arrival at the place,
We beheld slaughter and the loss of the heroes.

Goll was armed in helmet and shield,
Unceasing in conflict with the daughter of the king;
And she, inflicting on him numerous wounds,
Which left the hero without power or strength.

Osgur asks leave of Goll
To go and fight the woman;
And said, that he pitied his case,
Covered with wounds and gashes.

"There is not a hero living in the world,
Nor in Erinn of the loftiest fame,
Whom I would allow to fight the woman
Till she pays me for the slain."

O. Labhrar Feargus na m-briathra ceart,
ór é bhonnadh an t-ón an bhraoi;
go b-fuair d'Orgus cead ó Gholl,
dul chum comhraic leis an mhaoi.

Gléasar Orgus a chloidheamh a'r a sgiath,
a fhleadh géan a'r a chlogad chruaidh;
dí naibh san g-cruinne beo na beatha,
aon neach do thabharfadh urrnaim uaidh.

Do bí an dís láidir tapa lúth,
chuirdis ceatha faoi néalaibh;
le neart troda agus comhraic,
ag feól-corgan a céile.

Labhrar Feargus béal-binn ruairc,
a'r Conán maol do bí théan an aim;
a mic Oirsin cuimhnigh an uair,
bí tu g-cuan na h-Inore a g-ceangal gairb.

Castear Orgus léim leódhain,
tar corp an t-slóg amach;
gur chuir an t-sleag le neart a bóid,
thé chroidhe na mná móire arteach.

Do chógbamairne trí gairtea san b-Féinn,
a'r nísin mairt le Gholl théan-builleach sin;
mar chuir an bean le h-Orgus aig,
do bí lúthmhar, aghmharach, calma, glic.

An chuirim chum talmhan do'n mhaoi,
mo mhallacht, an rí, dam' acair féin;
do bí taob liomsa mar inghean,
a'r do chuir, mo dhé! fó gearaibh mé.

O. Fergus of the just words speaks,
As it was he who bestowed gold on druids,
Until he obtained from Goll leave for Osgur
To go and fight the woman.

Osgur got ready his sword and shield,
His sharp-pointed tempered lance and helmet;
There was not in the world then living
One who would from him bear sway.

The mighty, agile, active pair
Sent showers [of blood] up to the clouds;
By might of fierce fight and battle
Cleaving each other to the bones.

The gentle melodious Fergus speaks,
And Conan the bald, who was strong at arms;
"O son of Oisin, remember the hour
Thou wert in the bay of Inch in firm fetters."

Osgur makes a lion's bound
Over the body of the crowd,
And sent the spear by the might of his hands
Through the heart of the large woman.

We, the Fianna, raised three shouts,
And Goll of the powerful blows did not like the deed;
Because the woman fell by noble Osgur,
Who was active, fortunate, strong and prudent.

On the woman's falling to the ground,
"My curse," says she, "on my own father,
Who had no other daughter but me,
And put me, alas! under spells.

O. Na bṁaoiṫe do ḋeaṁḃuiġ ṡaiṙtine ḋo,
(mo ṁallaċt ḋóiḃ go bṁaṫ aṁiṙ;)
go m-beaṁṡaiṁn mac do ṙgṁiorṡaḋ an Ṫṁéig,
a'ṙ do ḃaiṁṡeaḋ, de ṡéin, a ċeann gan ṙgiṫ!

Da ḃ-ṡaġaiṁṁe gabaiṫ liom man ṁṁaoi,
ó ċeaṁṁṡoṁt nó o ċeann ṙlóġ;
do ḃeaṁṡaiṁn mac da ṅgéillṡeaḋ an domain,
a'ṙ do beiḋiṁn ṡéin aṁiṙ am ċlóḋ.

Do baḋaṙa la, cia ḋúbaċ mo ṙgéal,
an ailneaċt mna ag ṡillead ṙúl,
le bṁaoiġeaċt cṁoṙda m'aċan ṡéin,
dó ċailleaṙ mo ṙgéiṁ a'ṙ mo ṫṁaḋ.

An la ṙin do ṁaṁḃaḋ an bean ṁóṙ,
a'ṙ do ṙgṁiorṁaḋ ṡóṙ a cablaċ ban,
ag ṙin agaḋṙa, a Chléiṁiġ ċóiṁ,
eaċṫṁa na mna móiṁe tan lean!

O. "The druids who prophesied to him,
(My curse upon them for evermore)
That I would have a son who would overthrow Greece,
And would soon behead himself.

"Had I but become the wife
Of a chief or head of hosts, [obey,
I would give birth to a son whom the world would
And I myself would again assume my shape.

"Once I was, though sad my tale,
Excelling all women, with rolling eyes;
By the wicked druidism of my own father,
I lost my beauty and my form."

On that day the large woman was slain,
And her fleet of women were also killed;
Now you have, O Just Cleric, [sea.
The adventures of the large woman from over the

FIADHACH FHIANNA EIREANN AR SHLIABH TRUIM.

O. Lá dá rabhamar ar Shliabh Truim,[1]
Fianna Fhinn fá lán gail;
dob' iomḋa deaġ-laoċ agas cú,
ann do bá maiṫ ar móin.

Ní raibh laoċ díobh gan sgiaṫ,
ar an sliabh a's dá ċoin;
a's gan cúpla gadar 'san ngleann,
timċeall Fhinn do b'fearr goil.

Do sreaṫnuiġ sinn ar gaċ gleann,
fá ṁaiṫ ar d-teann a g-ceann cnoc;
sinn gan deireaḋ ar aon ḃrón,
ar d-treise fá h-áḋ gan loċt.

Dúisiġṫear linn ós barr beann,
fiaḋaċ na ngleann a's na d-tor;
ar gaċ taoḃ dínn san leirg,
dob' iomḋa eilit agas broc.

Dob' iomḋa laoċ ann agas coin,
ag éiriġ ar an maiġ go luaṫ;
do ḋéanaṁ seilge ar gaċ gleann,
d'éiriġ Fionn triaṫ na d-tuaṫ.

[1] Sliab Truim, the scene of this poem, is a large mountain situated in the barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone, and province of Ulster; now known by the singularly odd and rather whimsical name of "Bessy Bell," which was

THE FINNIAN HUNT OF SLIABH TRUIM.

O. ONE day that we mustered on Sliabh Truim,
The Fianna of Fionn full of valour;
Many a brave hero and hound was there,
Which on the turf were matchless.

No hero was without a shield,
And two hounds on the hill;
And a pair of dogs in the glen,
Around the valorous Fionn.

We were distributed on each glen,
Great was our might facing hills;
Dexterous were we beyond grief,
Our force it was lucky without fail.

We roused from the top of the hill
The game of the glens and forests;
On each side of us on the plain
Was many a doe and badger.

Many a hero and hound
Were rising early on the plain,
To hunt every glen,
Fionn the ruler of the country arose.

given it by the ancestor of the present Scotch proprietor. It is one of a vast chain of mountains which stretches into the county of Derry; the most magnificent of which are Knocksowel, Mary Gray, and Carntogher. See O'Donovan's Four Masters, A.D. 1275, 1435, and Jobson's Map of Ulster.

O. Dha coin a laim gach fir,
d'ar éirig ann rin do'n Fhéinn;
ir agam féin atá fíor,
oc! cia taim andiu gan céill.

A déar gan deanmad cuid,
d'ainmainnaib con an teann fluaig;
nion léigead cú díob dá h-éill,
nár ba h-aithne dam féin a buad.

Do léig O'Baoirgne Brian dian,
a'r Sgeólan fá dian nic;
do léig Oirín Buadach Mór,
a'r Ablach Og dá n-déir rin.

Od' connairc Mac Brearail raon,
coin an níg ag dul ne teann;
do léig a dá coin féin fó garg,
Uct An, agar Aind an Fheinb reang.

Do léig Orgun mear nár cim,
Mac an Tuim cona fleaba óir;
do léig Caol cródha go ngliad,
Léim an Lúc a'r an coin cróin.

Do léig Gainnaid, na n-ainm nglan,
Feannan a'r Fogar a'r Maoin;
do léig O'Duibne go dear,
Eactach na g-clear a'r Daoil.

Do léig Mac an Smóil, Coingíol a'r Gnuaim ghrinn,
agar Ainnir a'r Raon a n-diaig các;
do léig O'Conbnóin go beact,
Coin Dub 'na n-diaig, a'r Dealb Ban.

O. Two hounds were held by each man
Of the Fianna who mustered there;
It is I that know it,
Though bereft of sense, alas, today.

I shall relate, without doubt, the names
Of some of the hounds of the mighty host;
A hound of them was not loosened from its leash,
Whose actions were not known to me.

O'Baoisgne, let loose swift Bran,
And Sgeolan in full speed;
Oisin, let loose Buadhach Mor,
And Ablach Og after them.

When the noble Mac Breasail saw
The king's hounds take the lead,
He let go his two fierce hounds,
Ucht Ar, and Ard na Feirb, the slender.

Osgur the swift, who knew no fear, let go
Mac an Truim with its collar of gold,
The heroic Caol of the battles let off
Leim ar Luth and the brown hound.

Garraidh of the bright arms let off
Fearan and Foghar and Maoin,
O'Duibhne quietly lets off,
Eachtach of the tricks and Daoil.

Mac an Smoil let go Coingiol and Gruaim the merry,
And Aircis and Raon after them,
O'Conbhron in perfect style let off
Coir Dubh after them and Dealbh Ban.

O. Do léig Conán go ngníom ngnoð,
Ríċ, Roð, a'r Ríċ ne h-Anð;
do léig Faolán carnað con,
Carnaigín a'r Guċ Gairg.

Do léig Mac Cadaoine san sín,
Cor-luaiċ caoin, a'r Fuaċ-lann ngéan;
do léig Mac Mórna an ġrinn,
Anan agar Anð na Seang.

Do léig Fearduban mac Fhinn,
Cian-ċóill do ċinn an ġaċ coin;
do léig Reige go núa,
Jorgad Un ir luaiġe na lon.

Do léig Caoilte Fuaċ go m-buað,
agar Cuillreaċ fá cruaið tnear;
do léig Dáire fean na n-duan,
Sínead, agar Bioċ ba ðear.

Do léig Carneall, an laoċ mór,
Gaiġleann, a'r Guaire, a'r Gal;
do léig Mac Dubain, an fean fial,
Rian 'na n-diaig agar Scal.

Do léig Dáire Dearg mac Fhinn,
Anð na Sealg agar Rann Cruaið;
do leig Mac Luigeaċ mean,
Crioċaċ Geal ir feann buaið.

Do léig Aoð Beag, fear ba friar,
Marb na g-Cat agar Taom;
do léig Conán Mac an Leiġ,
Liagán da h-eill agar Laom.

O. Conan of the proud feats let go
Rith, Rod, and Rith-re-h-Ard;
Faolan, the friend of the hounds, let go
Carraigin and Guth Garg.

Mac Eadaoine let go afterwards
Cos-luath the gentle, and Fuathlamh the sharp;
Mac Morna the pleasant let off
Aran and Ard-na-Seang.

Ferdubhain the son of Fionn let off
Ciar-thoill, which outstripped every hound,
Reige, secretly, let off
Iosgad Ur, swifter than a blackbird.

Caoilte let go Fuath the victorious,
And Cuillseach the firm in contest,
Daire, the man of songs, let go
Sineadh and Bioth the beautiful.

Caireall the great hero let go
Gaithleann and Guaire and Gal;
Mac Dubhain the hospitable let off
Rian after them and Scal.

Daire Dearg the son of Fionn let go
Ard-na-Sealg and Rann Cruaidh;
Mac Luigheach the swift let go,
Crothach Geal the most triumphant.

Aodh Beag the ready man let go
Marbh-na-g-Cat, and Taom;
Conan let go Mac-an-Leith,
Liagan, from her leash, and Laom.

O. Léigṫear a's Garra Garḃ dá ċoin,
Iollan árd, a's Mac an Smóil;
Osgur mac Croinnigeaċ ann nár ḋoirḃ,
do léig sé Soirḃ agas Nóin.

Do léig Feargus file, gan dearmad,
Sgiaṁaḋ agas Faoiḋṁear caol;
Tolla Mac Caoilte an fear fial,
de léig se Rian agas Laoḋ.

Do léig Dáire agas Mac Ronáin,
Diṫṁeirg a's Dobrón go dian;
do léig Uainne gan táire go luaiṫ,
coin áilne na ḃ-Fiann.

Do léig siad clanna Ceárda,
a g-conairt le gáir bróin;
Cor agas Dearg a's Driṫlinn,
Cóirḃeann a's Roiṫ, Teann a's Treoir.

Do léig Cnú Dhearóil, Eolla Ainneoin,
agas Ceóla fá réim,
Uaiġ na sleaġ nár ḃeag-lannaċ,
do léigeaḋ Sgread, Goḃa, a's Béim.

Crioṁṫann na m-beann, a's Conn,
dá ṁac do Bheagall an áiġ;
do léig siad Doċar a's Doir,
do léig siad Crom agas Gáir.

Do léig siad teaġlaċ na flaṫa,
go h-eólaċ gan taca stáide;
na n-diaiġ do ḃríġ na seilge,
do ḃadar uile lán d'ḟáġail.

O. Garraidh Garbh lets go his two hounds ;
Iollan Ard, and Mac an Smoil,
Osgur Mac Croinigeach, that was not sullen,
Let go Soirbh and Noin.

Fergus the poet without doubt let off
Sgiamhadh and the slender Faoidhmhear ;
Tolla the son of Caoilte the hospitable man,
Let go Rian and Laodh.

Daire and Mac Ronain let go
Dithmheirg and Dobron rapidly ;
Uainne without blemish quickly let go,
The Fianna's best hounds.

Clanna Cearda let go
Their hounds with a yell of grief,
Cor and Dearg and Drithleann,
Coirbheann and Roith, Teann and Treoir.

Cnu Dearoil let go Eolla Ainneoin,
And Ceola in full speed,
Uaigh of the spears which were not short,
Let off Sgread, Gobha, and Beim.

Criomthann of the diadems, and Conn,
The two sons of the valiant Beagall,
Let go Dochar and Doir,
And with them Crom and Gair.

They let off the household of the chieftains,
Directly without stop or halt,
After them on account of the chase,
They were all full of hopes.

O. Dob' iomda cêad ag rid an fiad,
'nan d-timceall fan fliab ba dear;
badan na cata an a long,
da b-feicean fa bonb a d-tneas.

Dob' iomda gué fiad agas torc,
an an fliab dan éuit an t-reilg;
an n-dul do'n conaint fó éaintib,
ba mór gánta torc agas fiad.

Ní deacaid fiad foin na fian,
na torc fó fliab da naib beó;
díob fan uile nach naib marb,
ó'n g-conaint riu fó ganb gleó.

Do marbaman deic g-cêad fiad an an fliab,
agas deic g-cêad torc;
án g-conaint an méad a b-feinge,
d'fágbadan deang gach gorm.

Níon h-ainmnid eilite na broic,
'na míolta d'án éuit fan leing;
gion gun h-ainmnead iad ag Fionn,
mór, dan liom, an éuid d'an reilg.

Fiadach laoi ir mó d'án manbad,
a g-cnísé Banba ann gach tnáth;
a'r ir feárr do bí lem' linn,
an t-reilg do nigne Fionn an la.

Agan do roinneamain an t-reilg,
tángamar an ánd da roinn;
cruinnígeann an t-fluag gan loét,
ó gach cnoc a d-timceall Fhinn.

O. Many hundreds were in pursuit of the deer
Around us on the southern hills,
The battalions were in search of them,
Prepared for the fierce conflict.

Many were the moans of boar and deer,
On the hill where the hunt took place
When the hounds came on the prey,
Loud were the moans of boar and doe.

A deer did not escape east or west,
Or a wild boar on the hill left alive;
All of them were slain,
By the hounds in rough conflict.

We killed a thousand deer on the hill
And one thousand wild boars;
Our hounds on account of their fury
Reddened [with blood] every field.

Neither the hinds nor badgers were counted,
Nor the hares which fell on the plain;
Until they were counted by Fionn,
Great was the number which fell to our share.

A day's hunt by which more were slain,
In the kingdom of Banba at any time,
And the best that was in my day,
Was the chase made then by Fionn.

As we concluded the chase,
We sat upon a hill to divide the spoil;
The faultless hosts collected,
From every hill around Fionn.

O. Do bí roinn agar rógha ag Goll,
gé'r b'iomdha laoch lonn ran b-Féinn;
ó'n t-sluagh acht gé'r mór a ngoil,
fuair sé sin an eagla féin.

Roinnteas an t-seilg re Goll mear,
nior fágbad fear díob gan díol;
nior dearmad duine do'n Fhéinn,
acht é féin a'r mire díob.

Do chanas re Goll nán tim,
a'r ba aitheach liom a ráds;
an fáth fó dearna, a Ghoill,
mo dearmad fó roinn tar cách.

Nior chuibe do neach fó'n ngréin,
aithir olum féin fá'n roinn;
ir truagh nach b-fuilim ad ghar;
a fir thógbas an fala rinn.

D'fhreagair Gobann mo cholg,
tagra borb ód' bí ag Goll;
an laoch fá maith néim a'r cáil,
do chuadar na dáil go lonn.

Do tógaib Fionn mac an Loin
a dá fleagh go min agar sgiath;
tig go clisde the lár an t-slógh,
gur gab mé go luath na láimh.

Coisgead le Fionn go luath ár b-fearg,
do gab mo chuid do'n t-sealg an féin;
nior lámhar facla na fíoch,
do chuir sdir dír do'n Fhéinn.

O. Goll had the divide and choice of the spoil,
Tho' many a powerful hero among the Fianna,
This from the host (tho' great their valour),
He got through fear and dread of himself.

The spoil is divided by Goll the swift,
No one was left without his share,
He forgot none of the Fianna,
But himself and me.

I spoke to Goll the dauntless,
And I was sorry I did so;
"What is the cause, O Goll,
That thou forgottest my share above all the rest."

It was not due to any one under the sun,
To reproach me for the division,
Pity I am not near thee,
O man who charges me with fraud.

Gobhann replied to my anger,
If Goll had haughty words;
The hero whose fame and renown were great,
Went to meet him fiercely.

Fionn raises Mac an Loin,
His two spears with vigour and his shield;
He runs swiftly thro' the midst of the throng,
Till he seized me suddenly in his arms.

Fionn soon quelled our anger,
And took my share of the chase upon himself,
I did not cause grudge or malice,
Between [any] two of the Fianna.

O. Do ṁiṅ fiaḃ teiṅṅte gaṅ loċt,
go ciṅṅte aṅ gaċ cnoc do'ṅ t-fliaḃ;
a ḋ-timċeall Fhiṅṅ ba ċaoṁ coṁp,
d'fóiaċ fiaḃ[1] agaf toṁc.

Maṅ do ċaṫamaṅ aṅ t-fealg,
ṅa caṫaiḃ fó deaṁg fṅuaḋ;
do ċṁiallamaṅ fiaṅṅa Fiṅṅ,
o fliaḃ Tṁuiṁ go Loċ Cuaṅ.[2]

Fuaṁamaṅ fiaṙḋ[3] aṁ aṅ loċ,
ṅíoṁ fóċaṁ dúiṅṅ a beiṫ aṅṅ;
ag fĕaċaiṅṅ dúiṅṅ 'ṅaṁ ḋ-toċt,
ba ṁó 'ṅà cnoc a ċeaṅṅ.

A ċuaṁuṙgḃail ṁe a ṁolaḋ,
go m-beiḋ ṅa gloṁuṁ gaṅ dúṅ;
do ċollfaḋ, ge'ṁ ṁóṁ a ḃ-fṁaoċ,
cĕad laoċ a lag a ḋà fúl.

Fa ṁó ṅà gaċ cṁaṅṅ a g-coill,
a fiacla do ċoill gaċ gṁaiṅ;
fa ṁó ṅà coṁla caṫṁuiġ,
cluaṙa aṅ aṁṁaiṫ ṅ'aṁ ṅ-ḋàil.

Jr fiaḋ ṅà oċtaṁ gaṅ eaṙḃaiḋ,
a h-iaṁboll feaṙṁaċ ṁe a ṁoṁ;
ba ṁaṁaiṁe aṅ ċuiḋ ba ċaoile,
ṅà daiṁ ḋileaṅṅ, ṅo coll.

Maṁ do ċoṅṅaiṁc uaiṫe aṅ t-fló̇g,
ḋ'eaṁ, a'ṙ ba ṁóṁ a fṁaoċ;
biaḋ aṁ ṁac Móṁṅa gaṅ oṅṅ,
ṅó coṁṁac coṅ agaṙ laoċ.

[1] Fóiaċ fiaḋ, Fenian cooking pits according to Keating. When discovered they contain half-burnt stones and small bones.

[2] Loċ Cuaṅ, now the Lough of Strangford in the county of Down.

O. They kindled fires without fault,
Truly on each hill of the mountain,
Around Fionn of gentle parts,
Of the bones of the deer and boar.

After we had partook of the spoils of the chase,
We, the battalions of the ruddy countenance,
The Fianna of Fionn marched onwards,
From Sliabh Truim to Loch Cuan.

We found a serpent in that lake,
His being there was no gain to us;
On looking at it as we approached,
Its head was larger than a hill.

An account of it, if to be praised,
It should be muzzled to keep its jaws closed,
It would toss, however great their rage,
A hundred heroes in the cavity of its eyes.

Larger than any tree in the forest
Were its tusks of the ugliest shape;
Wider than the portals of a city
Were the ears of the serpent as he approached.

Taller than the tallest eight men,
Was its tail erect above its back,
Thicker was its most slender part
Than the deluge oak tree, or hazel wood.

When it saw at a distance the host,
It arose, and great was its fury;
It was Mac Morna's turn to give it food,
Or engage it in combat with his heroes and hounds.

[1] ᵽlaɼc. This word signifies a serpent, snake, monster, or reptile of any sort; and we so translate it as we proceed.

Fionn. Ní do fiartaib Eireann tú,
a éiúg nach maith ciall na com;
cá h-ait ar a d-tángair do'n ghleann?
adúbairt Fionn fearóa fial.

Fiart. Táinic mire anoir ó'n Ghréig,
am réim go ráinic Loch Cuan;
d'iarraidh comraic ar an b-Féinn,
a'r do gabail tréine a fluag.

Cuirim fonlann ar gach tuaith
do éuirteadar fluaighte lem' ghleó;
uaib muna[b]-fagad mo[r]óiol,
ní fuigfead agus[b]úr fíol beó.

Tugaidh dam comrac co luath,
cia mór an t-fluaigh[t]á 'gad Fhinn,
nó go b-féachaim orruib anoir,
mo neart tar éis teacht tar toinn.

F. Ar ghlas h-inmheadh innir dúinn,
gíd' mór do goil a'r do ghrain;
fgéala h-athar a'r t-ainim,
ful cairéam ár n-arm ad dáil.

Arrach[1] cinnte atá 'ran n-Gréig,
Inneófad gan bréig a ainim ghnáth;
Crom na Cairge fá h-and bláth,
ar fairge toir ag cloch atá.

Péirc ir maith goil 'rir olc gnaoi,
fá h-í rin a mhaoi gan locht;
ir tearc cathair t-roir nán bfir,
a'r fugad mire do mar mhac.

[1] Arrach. In O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary the meaning is *centaur*, *likeness*, *spectre*, or *apparition*.

FIONN. "Thou art not one of Erin's snakes,
Thou loathsome thing without shape or form;
Whence hast thou come to the glen?
Asked the manly generous Fionn."

PIAST. "I have just now come from Greece,
In my course till I reached Loch Cuan;
To demand battle from the Fianna,
And to annihilate their hosts.

"I have laid desolate every land,
Hosts have fallen by my prowess,
And unless I obtain my reward from you,
I will not leave [one of] your race alive.

Give me battle speedily,
Tho' great the hosts thou hast, O Fionn;
Until I try upon you now
My strength after crossing the wave."

F. "For the love of thy kin relate to us,
Tho' great thy valour and hideous thy form,
The history of thy father and thy name
Before we cast our weapons at thee."

A certain *Arrach* that dwells in Greece,
Doubtless I shall tell his usual name,
Crom of the Rock of great renown,
In the eastern sea in a crag he dwells.

A serpent of great valour but of hideous form,
Is his wife without blemish;
Few cities in the east that he has not ravaged,
And I was born for him as a son.

O. D'ḟágbas tursa ar gaċ tír,
Ard na g-Cat[1] go deiṁin m'ainim;
a Ḟhinn! is maiṫ tásg a's buaḋ,
ní ċás linn do ṡluag 'na n-airm.

Ag sin an sgéal d'ḟiafrais díom,
a Ḟhinn! is maiṫ colg a's glaic;
tabair dam iorġail go dian,
giḋ' lionṁar d'Ḟhiann a's do neart.

Do ráiḋ Fionn, gé'r ċruaiḋ an ċéim,
ris an b-Féinn dul iona ṫroid,
dá ċosg do ċuadar na sluaġ,
agas fuaradar uaiḋ mór ḃroid.

Tainig an ṗéist for ar g-caṫaib,
is mór d'ár maiṫib do ṫuit léi;
fá mór ár n-díṫ le a ċosgair,
níor ṫualaing sinn cosnaṁ léis.

Teilgṫear sealg óḋ' ċuiṁne,
ar an ṗéist go tuilme borb;
do ċroiṫeaḋ sinte mór ċeaṫa;
teinnte colg agas sleaġa.

Do ḃaman uaiḋ tuirseaċ tinn,
níor ċuimseaċ ḋúinn a spairnn;
do ṡloig, giḋ ar lór d'éigeann,
laoiċ idir éide agas airm.

Do ṡloig sí Fionn iona meaḋon,
gur léig siad Fianna Eireann gáir;
ḃamair tréimse gan ċabair,
'san ṗéist ag tabairt ár n-áir.

1 Ard na g-Cat, *i.e.* the chief or king of the cats.

O. I entailed woe on every land,
Ard-na-g-Cat is my name truly;
O Fionn whose repute and prowess is great,
I care not for thy hosts or arms.

This is the story which thou asked of me,
O Fionn! of the good sword and arm,
Give me battle immediately
Tho' numerous thy Fianna and thy strength.

Fionn ordered, though hard the step,
The Fianna to go fight him;
To check him the hosts advanced,
And from him they received great resistance.

The serpent came upon our battalions,
And many of our chiefs by him fell;
Great was our loss by its onslaught,
We could not with him contend.

Erase the chase from your memory,
Saith the serpent vigorous and stout,
It threw forth great showers
Of fiery darts, and of spears.

By him we were left weary and sick,
The contest was not adjusted by us,
He swallowed, tho' difficult the task,
Heroes clad in mail and armour.

It swallowed Fionn in the midst of them,
When the Fianna of Eirinn raised a shout;
We were for some time without aid,
And the serpent dealing destruction amongst us.

O. Dorur an gach taob dá corp
do rinneadh Fionn 'nar b'olc méinn;
Gur léig amach gan fuilneach,
gach neach do floigeadh do'n Fhéinn.

Fionn fial, ó'n g-comhrac do rin,
d'fóill ann ar na flóg;
Gur fuargail le tréan a láimhe,
finn le béim a gaiṫ go m-buaḋ.

Do comhraic an Fhiann a'r é ne céile,
mór an tréine dul dá corg;
do cómhlann, gé'r chuaiḋ an céim,
a'r níor faon gur fgar a anam ne corp!

An cuit do fiarfaiḃ ne Fionn,
ní cuinneal a ruim go bráṫ;
a n-deannaḋ d'aġaiḋ agar d'éaċt,
a n-ainneam noċ an féad cáċ.

Do maiṁḃ fiart Loċa Cuilinn,[1]
do cuit le Mac Cúmhaill go naṫ;
a'r ilḃiart Bheinne h-Eadair,
a corg níor féadaḋ a g-caṫ.

Fiart eile Loċa Cuilinn,
do cuit le Mac Cúmhaill an óir;
do maiṁḃ fiart Loċa Neaṫaċ,[2]
a'r Arnaċ Ghleanna an Smóil.

[1] Loċ Cuilinn. This lake is situated on the summit of Sliabh Guilleann or Cuillieann in the county of Armagh; and it was in it that Fionn went in quest of the ring, by which he became a withered old man (see p. 2, *ante*); but there are two other lakes of the same name in Ireland, to which local tradition attempts to transfer the poem, viz. Lough Cuillinn in the county of Mayo, and Lough Cuillinn (now Holly lake) in the barony of Ida, county of Kilkenny.

[2] Loċ Neaṫaċ, now Lough Neagh, which is situated partly in the counties of Armagh, Down, Derry, and Antrim; and is the largest lake in Ireland, if not in Europe. Its petrifying qualities is such, that the peasantry prepare pieces of the holly tree in the form of a hone, and deposit it in its

O. An opening in each side of his body,
Was made by Fionn, whose mind was not ill;
Until he let out without delay
Every one of the Fianna he had swallowed.

The generous Fionn by the fight he made,
Saved from slaughter the hosts;
Until he relieved us by the might of his hand,
And by the blows of his powerful spear.

The Fianna all engaged him in the fight,
It required great bravery to go to conquer him,
They fought, tho' hard the contest,
And never ceased till it was lifeless.

Of all the serpents that fell by Fionn,
The number never can be told;
The exploits and wonders which he performed,
There is no person who can recount.

He slew the serpent of Lough Cuilinn,
It fell by Mac Cumhaill happily,
And the huge serpent of Ben Eadair (Howth)
That was never overcome in battle.

Another serpent at Lough Cuilinn,
Fell by Mac Cumhaill of the gold;
He slew the serpent of Lough Neagh,
And the *Arrach* of Gleann-an-Smoil.

waters for a certain period, when it becomes a stone, and is used as such to sharpen razors therewith. An ancient tract on the wonders of Ireland, published by the Rev. Dr. Todd in his edition of the Irish version of Nennius's *Historia Britonum*, printed for the Irish Archæological Society, (pp. 194–95), verifies this opinion. It says: — "Loċ n-Echach, isi a airdi, crand Cuilinn do beran ind fri secht m-bliadnaib is cloċ a m-bi de is in grian, ⁊ is iarann na m-bi is in uisce, crand umorro na m-be uassu." "Loch n-Echach; its property is this: a holly tree being placed in it for seven years, the part of it that sinks into the earth, will be stone, the part that remains in the water will be iron, and the part that remains above water will be wood.

O. Do ċuiṫ fiaṫ Eirne,[1] ge'n ġorm, leiṫ,
a'ṫ fiaṫ Boṁb Loċa Riaḃaċ;[2]
do ṁaiṁḃ, ge'n ḋéan a g-croiḋe,
fiaṫ agaṫ cat an Áṫ-cliaṫ.[3]

Do ṁaiṁḃ fé Fuaṫ Loċa Leiṫ,[4]
mór an ḟeiḋm dul dá ċlaoiḋ;
do ṁaiṁḃ fé Fuaṫ a n-Druim Cléiḃ,[5]
Fuaṫ agaṫ Fiaṫ Loċa Ríġ.[6]

Do ṁaiṁḃ Fionn ba ṁór croiḋe,
Fuaṫ Ghlinne Ríġ[7] na nóḋ;
gaċ fiaṫ ne neaṁ a láṁ,
a ngleannṫaiḃ Eireann gur báṫ.

Fuaṫ agaṫ Fiaṫ Ghlinne h-Aṁna,[8]
do ṁaiṁḃ Fionn ge'n ċalma iaḋ;
do ḋíḃir Fionn ó na Raṫaiḃ,
gaċ fiaṫ fó naċaḋ a ċiall.

Fiaṫ an Shoinnin[9] fó ḟoluiṫ,
do ċoṫg fé ḟonar na b-ḟear;
do ċlaoiḋ ne táiṫe an doṁain,
fiaṫ Loċa Ráṁar[10] na d-treat.

[1] Eirne, or Loċ Eirne, now Lough Erne in the county of Fermanagh, which extends about twenty miles in length.

[2] Loċ Riaḃaċ, now Loughrea in the county of Galway.

[3] Áṫ Cliaṫ, *The Ford of Hurdles*; one of the ancient names of Dublin.

[4] Loċ Léiṫ, the ancient and present vernacular name for the lakes of Killarney.

[5] Druim Cliaḃ, now Drumcliff, the name of a district in the barony of Carbury, county of Sligo.

[6] Loċ Ríġ, now Lough Ree, a most beautifully diversified lake on the river Shannon, lying between the town of Athlone and Lanesborough; an expansion of the Shannon between Roscommon and Westmeath.

O. The serpent of Eirne, though a blue one, fell by him,
And the furious serpent of Lough Rea;
He slew, though stout their hearts,
A serpent and cat in Ath Cliath.

He slew the Spectre of Lough Lein,
Great was the deed to go attack it;
He slew the Spectre of Dromcliabh,
And the Spectre and Serpent of Lough Ree.

Fionn of the noble heart slew,
The Spectre of Glen Righe of the highways,
Each serpent by the might of his hand
In Erin's glens he subdued.

The Spectre and Serpent of Glenarm,
Though powerful they were, Fionn slew;
Fionn banished from the Raths
Each serpent he went to meet.

A serpent in the refulgent Shannon
That disturbed the happiness of the people,
He slew by frequenting the lake,
The serpent of Lough Ramar of the conflicts.

[7] Gleann Ríg, Glenree, now the valley through which the Newry river runs.

[8] Gleann Arma, now Glenarm, a bay and village in the county of Antrim; where is situated Glenarm Castle, the seat of the earls of Antrim. Robert Sussex, a Scotchman, built a monastery of the third order of Franciscans here in 1465, and an ancestor of the earls of Antrim endowed it with grants of land. *Top. Graph. Hib.* voce *Glenarm*.

[9] Sionann, the river Shannon, the etymology of which, is a matter of much discussion; but the most probable is, that the name is compounded of the words sean and abhann, ancient river.

[10] Loch Ramhan, now Lough Ramor, near Virginia, in the barony of Castleraghan, county of Cavan. In its islands are several castellated ruins.

O. Do mhaidh fá mór a tolaḋ,
Fuaċ fléibe Cuilinn[1] gé'n borb;
a'r ḋá ṫéirt Ghlinne h-Inneaḋ,[2]
do ṫuiteadar fin ne a ċolg.

Do mhaidh fiart Loċa Meilge,[3]
lór a ṫnéine do laimh Fhinn,
a'r ilḃiart Loċa Carna,[4]
a'r Aindiaċ Loċa Treim.

Do bí fiart ar Loċ Mearga,[5]
mór a ṫnear ar ṫeadaib Fáil;
mhaidh é ne a ċolg buaḋaċ,
gé'n borb an t-ualaċ do ċáċ.

Ar Loċ Laoġaire[6] go cinnte,
fiart do gnís teine do bí;
d'aimḋeoin a b-fuair do ḟala,
do ḋíṫċeann le a arm í,

Fuaċ Dhrobaoir[7] lór a ṫnéine,
agar Aimid[8] fléibe an Chláir;
do mhaidh Fionn'le Mac an Loin;
gé'n borb a ngoil a'r a ngleó.

[1] Sliab Cuilinn, *vide* p. 2.

[2] Gleann h-Inneaḋ, now the valley through which the river Inny in the county of Westmeath runs, and is united to Lough Sheelin by a small rivulet.

[3] Loċ Meilge, or Meilbe, now Lough Melvin; a large fresh water lake from which issues the river Drobhaois in the lower part of the county of Leitrim, contiguous to the county of Sligo.

[4] Loċ Ceara, now Lough Carra in the county of Mayo. It was anciently called Fionnloch Ceara.

[5] Loċ Mearga, now Lough Mask, a fine lake lying between the counties of Galway and Mayo. In Leabar na g-Ceart, (Book of Rights, p. 100, *n.*), it is stated that, before the Dalcassian families, (called Dealbhna,) settled in West

O. He killed, great was its destruction,
The fierce monster of Sliabh Cuillinn,
And the two serpents of Glen Inny,
Fell by his sword.

He killed the serpent of Lough Meilge,
A match in strength for the hand of Fionn;
And the huge serpent of Lough Carra,
And the *Arrach* of Lough Truim.

There was a serpent on Lough Mask,
Great was its havoc on the men of Fail;
He slew it by his powerful sword,
Tho' the task was a heavy one.

On Lough Leary certainly,
There was a serpent that did cast fire,
Despite all its treachery
With his arms he beheaded it.

The Spectre of Drobhaois great its might,
And the *Aimid* of the mountains of Clare,
Fionn slew with Mac-an-Loin,
Tho' fierce their battles and conflicts.

or Iar Connaught, the Conmaicne Mara, or maritime Conmaicne, had possession of all that part of the present county of Galway lying west of Lough Measca (Mask) and Loch Oirbsean (now Corrib), and between Galway, and the harbour of Cael Shaile Ruadh (now Killary), all which district has its old name still preserved in the corrupted form of "Connemara."

[6] Loċ Laoġaire, now Lough Mary, situated in the parish of Ardstraw, barony of Strabane, county of Tyrone.

[7] Drobaois, a river which flows from Lough Melvin in the lower part of the county of Leitrim.

[8] Aimid, in the general acceptation of the term, means a careless slovenly female; but here it must mean some monster or other assuming human form.

O. Fuaċ Loċa Luṅgaṅ[1] gíḋ' diaṅ,
le Fionn na b-Fiann do ċuiṫ fé;
ní h-iṅṅṫeaṅ go bioċ buaṅ;
gaċ aṅ ċuiṅ d'aṅ aṅ fluaġ.

Do ċuiṫ fiaṙt aṅ Banna[2] biṅṅ,
le láiṁ Fhinn na g-coṁlann g-cruaiḋ,
dob' iomḋa ân n-díṫ o na ṫeaṙ,
gur claoiḋ é le Fionn féin.

SEILG SLEIBHE NA M-BAN.

Oiṙ. LÁ dá n-deaċaiḋ Fionn na b-fiann,
do feilg aṅ fliaḃ na m-ban fionn,[3]
trí míle do maiṫiḃ na b-fiann,
ful n-deaċaiḋ gruaṅ ór aṅ g-cionn.

Pat. Oiṙíṅ ir biṅṅ liom do ġlóṅ,
a'r beannaċt fóṙ le h-aṅmuiṅ Fhinn;
iṅṅiṙ dúiṅn cá méiḋ fiaḋ,
do ċuiṫ aṅ fliaḃ na m-ban fiṅṅ.

[1] Loċ Luṅgaṅ, an old name for the bay of Galway.

[2] Banna, a celebrated lake in the barony of Half-fore, county of Westmeath. There is also a river of that name in the county of Antrim, once celebrated for its salmon and eel fisheries; it falls into Lough Neagh; and another river in the barony of Scarawalsh, county of Wexford, celebrated by Mr. Ogle, about 1770, in the much admired song:—

"As down by Banna's banks I strayed," &c.

[3] Sliaḃ na m-ban Fionn, literally, the mountain of the fair-haired women, a lofty mountain situate about four miles north east of the town of Clonmel in

O. The oppressive Spectre of Lough Lurgan,
By Fionn of the Fianna it fell,
It cannot be told till the day of doom
The destruction it dealt among our hosts.

The serpent of the murmuring Bann fell,
By the hand of Fionn of the stern conflicts,
Great was our loss by its battles,
Till he was vanquished by Fionn himself.

THE CHASE OF SLIABH-NA-M-BAN.

Ois. ONE day that Fionn of the Fianna went
To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
With three thousand of his nobles,
Before the sun shone above our head.

Pat. Oisin, melodious is thy voice to me,
And a blessing attend the soul of Fionn,
Tell us how many deer
Fell on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn.

the county of Tipperary. Dr. O'Donovan, in a note appended to a very curious paper on the Fenian Traditions of this mountain, by Mr. John Dunne, the rural ꝛeanċaiḃe of Garryricken, and published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1851, (p. 339), controverts the popular meaning of the term, and says that the name should be ꝛlıaḃ ḃan Feıṁeann, or simply ꝛlıaḃ na n-ban; because an Fearann Feıṁeann (the plain of Feimheann) was co-extensive with the barony of Iffa and Offa East, which forms its northern boundary. The term "Feıṁeann" may very easily be corrupted, or changed into "Fionn," *(fair)*, but the popular and established name cannot be now easily eradicated.

P. Jnnir dam noiṁ gach sgéal,
a's beannacht an do béal gan gó;
a m-bíod éide ornaigh na arm,
ag dul do feilg gach aon lá.

O. Do bí éide ornuin a's arm,
ag dul do feilg linn mar sin;
a's ní bí Féinne díob dam dóit,
gan léine fnóill a's dá coin.

Gan cotún a's síoda réim,
a's láimeach bán-géar gloin;
a's cinn-bínt cloc-óndá cóin,
a's dá fleagh a n-dóid gach fin.

Gan sgiach uaithne an a m-bíod buad,
a's lann cnuaid ne sgoitige cinn;
dá fíonéuige an domhan fó feach,
ní naib neach dob' feann na Finn.

Jr é dob' oinide a's dob' áig,
ní deachaid láim ór a cionn;
ag dul do éaindiol na g-cuan ngeal,
gan faicfinn an fean mar Fhionn.

Cona de again do cuadhman fian,
do feilg an fliab na m-ban fionn,
a Phádhruig! a ceann na g-cliar,
dob' aluinn gniamh ór an g-cionn.

An uair do fuigead Fionn án g-coin,
dob' iomda anoir agus a nian;
gué gadar ag dul fo'n g-cnoc,
ag dúsreacht conc agus fiad.

P. Tell me before all tales,
And verily a blessing be upon thy lips,
Were ye clad in mail or armour,
Going to the chase every day.

O. We were clad in mail and armour
On going to the chase;
And there was not a Fiann to my knowledge,
Without a silken shirt and two hounds.

Without a *cotan*,[1] and fine silk,
And a sharp-pointed polished spear,
A golden-diademed helmet truly,
And a pair of javelins in each man's hand.

Without a green shield endowed with powers,
And a tempered lance to sever heads,
If the whole world had been searched over,
A better man than Fionn could not be found.

He was most liberal and valiant,
No other man exceeded him;
In visiting the bright harbours,
A man like Fionn was not to be found.

By his desire we went westward,
To hunt on Sliabh-na-m-ban-Fionn,
O Patrick! Chief of Clerics,
The sun shone brightly over our heads.

When Fionn arranged our hounds,
Many came from the east and west to hear,
The cry of dogs on entering the hill,
Starting the wild boar and deer.

[1] *Cotan*, i.e., a little coat. The original was by mistake printed "cotún."

O. Do bí Fionn féin agus Brian,
na ruide real ar an sliabh;
gach fear díob a n-ionad a feilg,
gur éirig cealg na b-fiad.

Do léigeamar trí míle cú,
do b'éadir lúch a's do bí garg,
do marb gach cú díob dá fiad,
ful do cuireadh iall na h-arg.

Do mharbamar fé míle fiad,
ir an sleann do bí san t-sliab;
a n-éagmais aig agus fear,
ní déanadh realg man sin!

Dob' é deireadh ár feilge fiar,
a Chléirig na g-cliar a's na g-clog,
deic gcéad cú gona slabrad dín,
do éuir im neoin ne céad tonc.

Do éuireadar lionga na tonc,
do sinn na h-uile ar an leirg,
muna m-beid ár lanna a's ár lámha,
do éuirfidís ár ar an b-Féinn.

A Phadruig na m-bacal fiar,
ní faca mé fiar ná foir;
feilg ag fiannaib Fhinn,
ne mo linn ba mó ná sin.

Ag sin feilg do sinn Fionn,
a mic Alpuinn na m-bacal m-blát;
gair ár g-coileán 'san sleann,
Uch, a Phadruig! ba binn an lá!

O. Fionn himself and Bran were
Seated awhile on the mountain;
Each man was in his place in the hunt,
Until the venom of the deer arose.

We let loose three thousand hounds,
The most swift and fierce,
Each of these hounds killed two stags,
Before she was leashed to a thong.

We killed six thousand deer,
In the glen which lay in the mountain,
Besides stags and roe-bucks,
A hunt like it was never performed.

It was thus the chase ended,
O Cleric of the clerks and bells;
A thousand hounds with their collars of gold,
Fell before noon by one hundred hogs.

The hogs fell by us,
Which caused havoc on the plain,
Were it not for our lances and arms,
They would bring slaughter upon the Fianna.

O Patrick of the crooked crozier,
I have not seen in north or west,
A chase by the Fianna of Fionn
Greater than this in my time.

This chase was performed by Fionn,
O son of Calphruin of the croziers bright,
The cry of our dogs in the glen,
Alas, O Patrick! was melodious on that day.

SEILG MUCA DRAOIGHEACHTA AONGHUS AN BHROGHA.

O. EISTIDH! uairle b-fear b-Fáil,
ag cúirt da b-tárlaiḋ iomarbáiḋ;
go floinneaḋ díb gan bréig,
tacar Fhinn agar Aonġuis.

Fleaḋ do comóraḋ gan ceilg,
le Mac an Daġḋa[1] breic-ḋeirg;
beirtear finne da h-ól fois,
go bruiġin mór-ġlan na Bóinne.[2]

Is é lios do cuaḋmar ann,
d'fiannaiḃ arm-ġlana Eireann;
a n-éagmuis Goill a'r Choṁain,
deic g-céad taoiseaċ d'Fhéinniḃ.

Bruit uaiṫne fó'n b-Féinn go nat,
bruit caoṁ coṁcraḋ da g-cúṁdaċ;
fnóll deang fá'n g-ceiṫirinn arṁar,
ag teaġlaċ aoḃḋa Aonġuis.

[1] Mac an Daġḋa. This was Aenghus Og, a prince of the Tuatha de Danann race, and a reputed magician, who had his palace at Bruġ na Bóinne; and of whom the poet said:

'Aonġus Óg na Bóinne caoiṁe."
Aenghus Og of the gentle Boyne.

THE CHASE OF THE ENCHANTED PIGS OF AENGHUS AN BHROGHA.

O. HEARKEN! ye nobles of the men of Fail,
To the cause from which arose the strife;
Until I relate to you without falsehood,
The battle of Fionn and Aenghus.

A feast was prepared without guile,
By Mac-an-Dagha, of the red countenance;
We were invited to partake of it,
To the bright mansion of the Boinn.

'Twas the number that went there
Of Erinn's Fianna of the polished arms;
Besides Goll and Conan,
Ten hundred Finnian chieftains.

Green mantles the Fianna wore,
With fine purple cloaks protecting them;
Scarlet satin the troops wore,
In the beautiful mansion of Aenghus.

[2] Bruig na Boinne, i.e., The Fortress of the Boyne; now Stackallen, in the county of Meath; here was the cemetary of the pagan kings of Ireland, and, it was here that Aenghus Og Mac an Dagha had his court.

O. Suiḋeaṙ Fionn 'ran m-bruiġin m-bṙaiṙ,
taoḃ ṗe taoḃ glan Aonġaiṙ;
ṙlán go ḃ-ṗaca ṙúil man ṙin,
diṙ cóṁ maiṫ leó an talṁuin.

Man ḋo ṙuiḋeaḋ leó 'ran ceaċ,
ḋob' ionġnaḋ le coiṁiġḋeaċ,
coiṙṙin óiṙ ó lá go láiṁ,
aġ luaḋaill na n-aonaṙan.

Do ṙaiḋ Aonġus do ġuṫ móṙ aṙtaiġ,
do ċuiṙ ṙin tocḋ an na ṙiṙ;
iṙ ṗeann an beaṫa ṙo na ṙeiṙġ,
an Mac an Daġḋa dṙeiṫ-ḋeiṙġ.

Jṙ meaṙa an beaṫa ṙo na ṙeiṙġ,
do ṙaiḋ Mac Cúṁaill láṁ ó'ṗeiṙġ;
gan ċoin ann ná eiṫ áiṙne,
gan caṫa, gan cóṁ gáiṙde.

Na coin ṙin a ḋeiṙiṙ Fhinn,
do beiṫ aġaḋ ṗéin go gṙinn;
cṙéaḋ ṗá h-aḃáiṙ ċu an ġuṫ,
a'ṙ naċ maiṙṙiḋiṙ aon muc.

Ni'l aġaḋṙa ṗéin, an Fionn,
ná aġ ṙluaġ Thuaṫa Danann;
muc ḋán imṫiġ an talṁuin tṙuim,
naċ muiṙṙeaḋ Bṙan a'ṙ Sgeólaing.

Cuiṙṙeaḋ ċúġaiḃṙe muc móṙ,
maiṙḃeóċaṙ búṙ g-coin a g-céaḋóiṙ;
naċaṙ uaiṫ ṗéin an an maiġ,
ó'n ḃ-Féinn aġuṙ ó na g-conaiḃ.

O. Fionn sits in the enchanted mansion
Side by side with the noble Aenghus;
Long was it before eye hath seen
Two like them in the land.

As they were seated in the house,
It was a wonder to strangers.
Golden cups went from hand to hand,
And waiters were kept in motion,

Aenghus spoke in a loud voice within,
Which caused the men to be silent;
"This life is preferable to the chase,"
Saith Mac-an-Dagha of the red countenance.

"This life is not preferable to the chase,"
Saith Mac Cumhaill, full of wrath;
"Without hounds here, or handsome steeds,
Without battalions or merriment."

"The hounds that thou speakest of, Fionn,
Thou hadst so pleasantly,
Why hast thou thus spoken,
And yet they would not kill one pig."

"Thou thyself hast not," saith Fionn,
"Nor the Tuatha de Danann host,
A pig which trod upon dry land
That Bran and Sgeolan would not kill."

"I will send thee a large pig,
Which will kill your hounds instantly;
That will outrun thyself upon the plain,
The Fianna and all their hounds."

O. Adúbairt do ġuṫ ṁór astiġ,
reaċtaire[1] an ḃroġa ḃuaḋaiġ;
sul ḃeiṫ siḃ ar meisge mir,
triallaḋ gaċ neaċ dá iomḋaiġ.

Adúbairt Fionn re na Fhiannaiḃ,
gaḃaḋ umuiḃ agus triallaḋ;
ní ḃ-fuilim aċt am uaṫaḋ ann,
idir Thuaṫa dé Danann,

Gluaiseamaoid as sin siar,
gus an m-ball a raiḃ an Fhiann;
ann do ḃí an Fhiann 'sa g-coin,
ar Shliaḃ Fuaid[2] an oiḋċe soin.

Bliaḋuin dúinn ceann i g-ceann,
agus Tuaṫa dé Danann teann;
nó go n-deárnamar an t-seilg,
dár ḃ'iomḋa fuil ar finn-leirg.

As í seilg do riġneaḋ linn,
le Mac Cúṁaill go nglór ngrinn, [linn,[5]
Sliaḃ g-Cua,[3] Sliaḃ g-Crot,[4] a's Sliaḃ g-Cuil-
go h-innḃir críċe a n-Ultaiḃ.

Suiḋtear linn an t-seilg ṁór,
le Mac Cúṁaill a's le na ṡlóġ;
ó Ṁhaġ Coḃa[6] go Cruaċainn Chais,[7]
go Fionnaḃraic[8] 'sgo Fionnais.[9]

[1] Reaċtaire, a regulator, a steward, and in the modern acceptation of the term, a dairyman.

[2] *Sliaḃ Fuaid*, see pp. 20-21.

[3] *Sliaḃ g-Cua* or Cua, a large tract of a well-cultivated district, lying about midway between the town of Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, and Clonmel in the county of Tipperary; and comprising the ancient parish of Sesgnean, and formerly embracing the mountain of Knockmeldown, on the summit of, the eccentric Eeles of Lismore, with his dogs and gun are interred. In the *Book of Rights*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan for the Celtic Society in 1847, (see p. 5), it is stated that one of the five prerogatives of the king of Munster was, "to pass over Sliabh Cua with [a band] of fifty, after pacifying the South of Eire."

O. In a loud voice within said,
The steward of the enchanted mansion;
"Before ye are drunk and merry,
Let every man go to his couch."

Fionn saith to the Fianna,
"Equip and go forth;
We are but a handful here
Among the Tuatha de Danann."

We proceeded from thence to the west,
To the place where the Fianna were;
There were there the Fianna and their hounds,
On Sliabh Fuaid that night.

For a whole year we were in consultation,
And the Tuatha de Danann boastful,
Until we performed the chase,
Which left much blood on fair plains.

The chase that we made
With Mac Cumhaill of the pleasant voice, [Cuillinn,
Was Sliabh g-Cua, Sliabh g-Crot, and Sliabh
And the coasts on the borders of Ulster.

We pursued the great chase,
With Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
From Magh Cobha to Cruachainn Chais,
To Fionnbhairc and Fionnais.

[4] Sliabh g-Crot, or more correctly Sliabh Crot, Mount Grud, principally lying in the Galtee Mountains, in the barony of Clanwilliam, county of Tipperary, having the name still preserved. There was a battle fought here in the year 1058 between Diarmuid Mac Maeil-na-m-bo, and Donchadh the son of Brian. See *Oss. Trans.*, Vol. III., p. 148, *n.*

[5] Sliabh Cuilinn, see pp. 2-3.

[6] Magh Cobha, i.e. the plain of Eochaidh Cobha, the ancestor of the tribe called Ui Eathach Cobha, who were settled in the present baronies of "Upper and Lower Iveagh," in the county of Down. See O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, part III. c. 78. One of the five prerogatives of the king of Ulster was:—"To go into

O. Ag t-reilg do rigeadh ann roin,
le Mac Cúmhaill a h-Almhuin;
do ba dícheall Aonghus di,
a'r do ba earbadach rinne.

Cuireas Aonghus teachta 'nar g-cionn,
go h-ard-flaith na b-Fiann b-foilt-fionn;
Mac Cúmhaill cé gur mór mod,
ag iarraidh bhéithe do chómhall.

Suidheas Fionn flaith na Féinne,
ar ag g-cnoc ór cionn ag t-sléibhe;
ruidheas ag Fhiann agus a g-coin,
ar ag sliabh ag lá roin.

Suidhmis féin ar ag sliabh,
mar a raibh Fionn flaith na b-Fiann;
gach neach beith ar ag sliabh ag aonar,
flaith na b-Fiann gan nó baoghal.

Agmonna con na Féinne,
sloighfead dib gan chlaon a g-céille;
nó beag dá g-conaibh, dar liom,
cia aidhbheach lib a n-airneamh.

Adhuaill am láimhis féin,
Bran a láimh ag fin go sgéimh;
agus Sgeólan san láimh eile,
ag Mac Cúmhaill Almhuine.

Magh Cobha in the month of March, (which probably was considered lucky), and drink of the water of Bo Neimhidh between two darknesses (twilight)." —*Book of Rights*, p. 7.

[r] Cruachain Chais. This was the name of the ancient palace of the kings of Connaught, now called Rathcroghan, situated near Belanagare in the county of Roscommon. The country of Dail Chais, in the reign of Diarmuid

O. The chase which was then performed
By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin,
Aenghus was beggared by,
And we, too, suffered.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
To the fair-haired chief of the Fianna;
Mac Cumhaill, though great his respect,
Asking him to fulfil his pledge.

Fionn, the Finnian chieftain, rested
On the hill above the mountain;
The Fianna and their hounds rested
On the mountain on that day.

I myself on the mountain sat
With Fionn, the chief of the Fianna;
Each person was on the mountain alone,
The Fianna's chief was not in danger.

The names of the Finnian hounds
I will relate to you without guile;
Too few were their hounds I say,
Tho' alarming to you to count them.

Adhnuaill was in my own hand,
Bran was held by the graceful man,
And Sgeolan in the other hand
By Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin.

Mac Fearghusa Ceirbheoil (according to Keating), originally formed part of Connaught.—*Book of Rights*, pp. 20, 21, *n.*

[8] Fionnabhlaic. There is a remarkable stone fort of this name near the village of Kilfenora in the county of Clare.

[9] Fionnair. The editor cannot trace or identify this locality.

O. Ablać aʒ Oiṙíṅ mac Fhiṅṅ,
aʒur Loṅṅ a láiṁ Bhṙiaiṅ bíʒ ʒo ṅʒṙiṅṅ;
Sʒal caoile aʒur Luaṙ ʒaṅ aṁoiṅ,
aṅ ċṙuaṙ ɪ láiṁ Fiṅḋubaiṅ.

Aiṅċiṙ ceaṅṅ a láiṁ ṁic Smóil,
aṅ Choṅḋub aʒ Ua Coiṙbíṅṅ;
Meaḋaiṙ a'ṙ Meaṙaṅṅ a'ṙ Maoiṅ,
a láiṁ Shaṙṙaiʒ o Fhoṙṁaoil.

Doṙḋaṅ Duċaċ dob' ioṅʒṅaḋ,
a láiṁ Bhéiṅṅe ṅa m-bíoḃḃaḋ;
Mac aṅ Smóil a'ṙ Dṙoċlaḋ ceaṅṅ,
a láiṁ Dhúċaiʒ ḋaċ-aluiṅṅ.

Caċtaċ, aʒ Diaṙṁuiḋ Doṅṅ,
Mac aṅ Tṙuiṁ aʒ Oṙʒuṙ oll;
Riṫ Fada aʒ Coṅáṅ ʒo ʒ-cáil;
aʒur Ṡaṙṙaiḋ aʒ Faolán.

Ṡaiṙṙiḋ dúiṅṅe aṅ taṅ ṙoiṅ,
aʒ cuṙ ʒeill aṙ áṙ ʒ-coṅaiḃ;
ʒo b-ṙacamaiṙ 'ṙaṅ maiʒ aṅoiṙ,
ṫṙéaḋ móṙ-uaċṁaṙ do ṁucaiḃ.

Dob' ioṅʒṅaḋ ṙe Fiṅṅ ṅa b-Fiaṅṅ,
ʒaċ muc aṅ aoiṙḋe ṙiaḋ;
aoṅ ṁuc ṅóṁṙa ʒaiṙḃ a liṫ,
ṙá duiḃe í ṅá ʒual ʒaḃaṅṅ.

Fá aoiṙḋe ṅá ṙeól-ċṙaṅṅ ṙuaṙ,
ṙiṅṅṙáḋ a leacaṅ 'ṙa cluaṙ;
ṙá ṙaṁuil ṙe muiṅe a ḋaṫ,
ṙiṅṅṙáḋ a ṙúl 'ṙa ṙeaṅ ṁala.

O. Ablach was held by Oisin the son of Fionn,
And Lonn was held by Bran Beag the pleasant;
Sgal the slender and Luas without dread,
Were firmly held by Feardubhan.

Airchis the stout in Mac Smoil's hand,
And Cordubh was held by O'Corbhinn;
Meadhair and Mearan and Maoin
In the hand of Garraidh from Formaoil.

Dordan Duthach the wonderful,
In the hand of Beinne the spiteful;
Mac-an-Smoil and Drothladh the strong
In the hand of Duthaigh the well-looking.

Eachtach was held by Diarmuid Donn,
Mac-an-Truim was held by the great Osgur;
Rith Fada was held by hungry Conan,
And Garraidh was held by Faolan.

Not long were we then,
Betting on our hounds,
Until we saw on the eastern plain
A large herd of horrible pigs.

Fionn of the Fianna was amazed
At seeing each pig as tall as a deer;
One pig before them of boisterous mien,
Blacker was she than smith's coals.

Longer than an erect mast,
Were the bristles of her face and ears;
Like that of a brake was the colour
Of the hair of her eyelids and old brow.

O. Léigimhe a d-taob na leinge,
Aðnuaill a d-túr na feilge;
do mharb an céad muc gan cleith,
Gé'n líonmhar coin na Féinne.

Aðnuaill do mharb an muc mhóir,
do chéad Aonguis a g-céadóir;
ó foin ir tuigte duit a leith,
ata Gleann na céad muice.[1]

Breasal Bras a h-iall go fíor,
fiúblar rí ar láim an níg;
na muca fá mór mine,
do gabrad dá cóimhgleicte.

Aen. Truag foin, a Bhrain buadaig binn,
a mic Fheargusa foilt finn;
duitri nocha gníom fearda,
mo macra do lán-marbad.

O. Mar do cualaid Bran an gué,
do claoclad a call 'fa cruc;
gabad rí ar brágaid an muc,
agus tógbar an cruaid cuid.

Gabur rí an muc ar brágaid,
an gneim fin ba gneim namaid;
níor léig an muc a gabál,
a'r do coingib a geárr anáil.

Muna n-dearna Bran go brát,
do gníom nó gairge na deádaig;
act an muc fin ar an maig,
do na Fiannaib do congmháil.

[1] Gleann na Céad Mhuice, *The Valley of the First Pig.* This must be the celebrated valley of the Black Pig in Ulster, concerning which there are so many curious old legends current among the peasantry.

O. I sent forth to one side of the plain
Adhnuaill in front of the chase;
She killed the first pig without doubt,
Though numerous were the hounds of the Fianna.

Adhnuaill killed the first pig,
Of the herd of Aenghus instantly;
From this fact you must know,
That Gleann-na-cead-mhuice is so called.

Bran broke forth from her leash,
And left the hands of the king;
The pigs, though great their speed,
Were captured in the conflict.

AEN. Woe it is, O victorious sweet Bran[1],
O son of Fergus the fair-haired;
To you it is not a manly deed
To kill my own son.

O. As Bran heard the voice,
Her sagacity and appearance changed;
She takes the pig by the neck,
And assumes the difficult task.

She takes the pig by the neck,
That hold was the hold of a foe;
She did not suffer the pig to escape,
And never became breathless.

If Bran never performed
A feat of valour after that,
But that pig upon the plain,
To hold for the Fianna.

[1] Bran was the son of Fergus, King of Ulster, and was metamorphosed into a hound.

O. Gé'r mór re h-Aonghus an tréad,[1]
ní raib aon muc gan béad;
ní raib ann acht muc a'r céad,
uim tráchnóna gan luach éag.

Airmhíd ann roin an Fhiann,
idir annoin agar anian;
a n-éagmuis gliolla agus con,[2]
bí deic g-céad taoiseach an n-earbaid.

Do rádh Oisgun do ghuth mór,
le Mac Cúmaill a'r le na flóg;
déanaídh eólus ar an m-Bruighin,
agus díolam ár ár muintir.

Ba comhairle fír gan chéill,
do rádh Oisín re Fionn féin;
dá racad na muca mar roin,
tiocfaidh airis na m-beathaidh.

Déanaidh na muca do losgad,
a'r ba móide búr g-cosgair;
a'r loisgídhe na muicídhe,
a'r cuiridh a luath le fairgídhe.

Seacht g-catha do bámar ann,
d'fhannaibh aimsa na h-Éireann;
tall le h-imeall an locha,
seacht d-teinte gach aon chatha.

[1] In a copy in the Rev. James Goodman's extensive collection of Irish MSS., this stanza runs thus:—

"Gé'r mór re h-Aonghus a tréad
iona raib muc agus céad;
ní raib aon muc díob gan oil,
uim tráchnóna 'na m-beathaibh."

0. Though the herd appeared large to Aenghus,
There was not one pig escaped unhurt;
There were but a hundred and one pigs there
Towards evening without being dead.

The Fianna were then counted,
All that came from the east and west;
Besides guides and hounds,
There were ten hundred chieftains wanting.

Osgur saith in a loud voice
To Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
"Make your way towards the mansion,
And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

"This is the counsel of a foolish man,"
Saith Oisin to Fionn himself;
"If the pigs are thus destroyed,
They will come to life again."

"Let the pigs be burnt,
And greater will be the slaughter;
Burn the swine-herds too,
And cast their ashes into the sea."

Seven battalions we were there,
Of the noble Fianna of Erin;
Over on the margin of the lake,
Seven fires to each battalion.

Though large appeared to Aenghus his herd,
Which consisted of a hundred and one pigs;
There was not one infamous pig of them
In the evening left alive.

[2] In the Goodman collection—

"A n-éagmuis Ghoill a's Chonain,"
In the absence of Goll and Conan.

O. Seaċt d-teinte gaċ ċaṫa díoḃ,
mar do órduiġ Fionn an ríġ;
da n-áirṁinn iad uile duit,
noċ ar loisgeamar aon ṁuc.

Imṫiġeas Bran uainn amaċ,
go h-aṫlaṁ a's go h-eólaċ;
do beir trí ċrainn ré na crob,
ní feas cá coill ó d-tugaḋ.

Do cuireaḋ na crainn san teine,
a's do las siad mar an g-ċainnill;
do loisgeaḋ na muca de,
a's do cuireaḋ a luaiṫ re fairrge.

Do ráiḋ Oisín do ġuṫ mór,
re Mac Cúṁaill a's re na slóġ;
déanaiḋ eólus ar an m-brog,
a's diolam ar ár muintire.

Gaċ foigse dá n-deaċamaois dóiḃ,
dá ḃ-fearaiḃ móra a's dá mnáiḃ;
do cloisṫiġe iad go cinnte,
a ḃ-froiġṫiḃ na fiormameinte.

Gair con a's ban a's daoine,
a's macaoṁ ag eagcaoine;
ní cualaiḋ bean ċuaiḋ na ṫeas,
aon lá ba sáiṁe méinteaċt.

Cuireas Aongus teaċta 'nár g-cionn,
mar a raiḃ an flaiṫ féinne Fionn;
d'ḟuráil aon ní ar ḟlaiṫ Fáil,
naċ millfeaḋ a ṁuintir a g-ceadáir.

O. Seven fires to each battalion of them,
As the king commanded us;
If I were to recount them all to you
We did not burn one pig.

Bran goes out from us,
Readily and knowingly;
He brings three trees in his paws,
'Tis not known from what wood.

The trees were put into the fire,
And they lit like unto a candle;
The pigs with them were burnt,
And their ashes was cast into the sea.

Oisin says in a loud voice
To Mac Cumhaill and his hosts,
"Make your way to the mansion,
And be avenged for the slaughter of our people."

Every step that we made
Towards their tall men and women,
Would certainly be heard
Through the vaults of the firmament.

Shouts of hounds, of men and women,
And youths wailing;
Woman never heard north or south.
Of a day more agreeable.

Aenghus sends couriers to meet us
Where Fionn the Finnian chieftain was;
Offering gifts to the chief of Fail,
If he did not kill his people instantly.

O. Noċa naırʒım aon ní ort,
a Aonʒuır ır caoıṁe conn;
ꝼeaḋ bıar aon tıʒ ċıar na ċoır,
ad bꝛoʒ ṁóꝛ ʒan lorʒaḋ.

Cꝛoḋ h-olc leat do ṁuıntır ṁín,
a Fhınn! a aṫair Oırín;
conʒbaıḋ do ċubaıḋ a'ꝛ do ꝛmaċt,
doılʒe ḋaṁꝛa mo ḋeaʒ-ṁac.

Ar ṁuc ṁóꝛ do bí ran mâʒ,
ꝛóṁadꝛa ʒan ıomaꝛ ʒnâṫ;
do beırım bꝛıaṫaꝛ anoır,
ʒuꝛab é deaʒ-ṁac Aonʒuır.

Do beırım bꝛıaṫaꝛ eıle,
a Mhıc Cúṁaıll Alṁuıne;
naċ beó anoċt do'n ċıne,
neaċ dâꝛ ab tú ard ꝛíʒ.

Do ċuıt mac ꝛíʒ maꝛa ꝛeanʒ,
a'ꝛ mac ríʒ maꝛa ꝼaoıleann;
leat a'ꝛ mac Aonʒuꝛa aın,
a'ꝛ Mac Jlbꝛıc ṁeıc Manannaın.

Seaċt b-ꝼıċıḋ mac ꝼâ ʒnaoı,
do ꝛınn mac ríʒ le ꝛíoʒ-ṁnaoı;
do ċuıt leat a'ꝛ leb' Fhéınn ċalma,
aꝛ an ꝛlıaḃ ʒo h-allṁúrḋa.

Muıntır ʒlan mo bꝛoʒa binn,
bí ꝛoıṁ do ċonaıḃ ꝼá'n nʒlınn;
do ṁıll mo bꝛíʒ a'ꝛ mo ṁoḋ,
a ʒ-céın dóıḃ ꝼéın da lorʒaḋ.

O. "I require no presents from thee,
O Aenghus of the slender body,
Whilst there is a room north or east
In thy great mansion without being burned."

"Though much thou think of thy gentle people,
O Fionn! father of Oisin,
Maintain thy sway and thy rule,
Sorrowful to me is my good son."

"The large pig which was on the plain
Before thee as was unusual,
I now pledge my word
That it was the good son of Aenghus."

"I make another vow
To Mac Cumhaill of Almhuin;
That this night there will not be alive
One over whom you are chief king."

"The son of the king of the narrow sea,
And the son of the king of the sea of gulls,
Fell by you with the son of noble Aenghus,
And the son of Ilbhric the son of Manannan."

"Seven score well-featured sons
The offering of a prince and princess,
Fell by you and your mighty Fianna
On the mountain barbarously."

"The fine people of my sweet mansion
Were before thy hounds in the glen;
My strength decayed and my honour,
They being burned far away."

O. Seaċt m-bliaḋna a m-bruiġin binn,
tu am ṫiġ-si ad altruim;
níor ḟaoileasa fós go beaċt,
go muirḃfeasa mo ḋeaġ-ṁac.

Truaġ ḋuit, a Bhriain buaḋaiġ binn,
a ṁic Fhearġusa ḟoilt ḟinn;
na dearnais gníoṁ molta,
mar do ṁarḃais da ċóṁ-ḋalta.

Triuċa céad dúiṫċe ag t-aṫair,
idir ċoill agas aċaiḋ;
ba cuiṁne red' rae ḋuit,
tu ḃeiṫ ad ċeann ar ċonairt.

Mailleóċam ṫusa, a Bhriain,
seaċa gaċ coin ar talṁain;
con naċ faicfeaḋ do ṡúil de,
aon ḟiaḋ ṁuirfeas tu ċoiḋċe.

Da malluiġiḋ-si féin Bran,
mo ċoilean gasda glan;
ní ḃeiṫ ṡiar na ṡoir aon ṫiġ,
ad ḃruiġin ṁóir gan lorgaḋ.

Cuirfead crainn a's cloċa,
ad h-aġaiḋ a d-tús gaċ caṫa;
a's muirfe mé t-ḟiann uile,
o ṁac ríġ go ró ḋuine.

Féaċad oruiḃ tré m'ḟáinne,
ar Mhac Cúṁaill go n-áilne;
a's biaḋ a ḟios agam a ḟir,
cá líonṁar do ḃúr g-caṫaiḃ.

O. "Seven years in a sweet mansion
Thou wert in my house nursing;
I never yet imagined
That thou wouldst kill my good son."

"Sad it is to thee, sweet, victorious Bran,
O son of Fergus of the fair hair,
That thou didst not perform some praiseworthy deed
Before thou slew thy foster-brother."

"Thirty territories thy father has
Between woods and plains;
Thou shalt remember for thy day
Being chief over hounds."

"I will curse thee, Bran,
Above all hounds in the land;
So that thine eye shall not see
Any deer thou shalt ever kill."

"If thou curse Bran,
My active, intelligent dog,
There will not be east or west a room left
In thy large mansion without being burned."

"I will place trees and stones
Before thee in each battle;
And I will slay all thy Fianna,
Down from the king's son to the humblest man."

"I will gaze at ye through my ring,
On Mac Cumhaill the excellent;
And I shall know, O man,
The strength of thy battalions."

O. Cóṁa ðíḃ ṁaiṫeaṁ eaḋṁaiḃ féiṁ,
do ṁáiḋ Oiṙíṁ, feaṙ go g-céill;
ḋéanaiḋ altṁom gaċ fiṙ aṁṁ,
a'ṙ iocaḋ áṙ n-eiṁeaclaṁṁ.[1]

Róiġne geal aṁ ġoċa ġṙiṁṁ,
ḋoḃ' é fiṁ ḋeaġ-ṁac Fhiṁṁ;
ḋoḃ' é túṙ a fíṫe aṁṁ,
a ṫaḃaiṙt ḋ'Aoṁġuṙ aṙ altṁom.

Deaġṁac Aoṁġuiṙ go m-bṙíġ,
tuġaḋ fiṁ aṙ láiṁ aṁ ṙíġ;
ó ṙoiṁ a leiṫ ðóiḃ aḃuṙ,
ata aṁ t-altṁom falṫaṁuṙ.

Tṙuaġ liom Coċaiḋ na h-Aoiḃe;
ḋo ṫuiṫim a ḋ-tíġ Fhoṙṁaoile;
go naċ biaḋ aca caḃaiṙ Coċaḋa,
aġ ṙluaġ áġṁaṙ Aoṁġuṙa.

Jṙ mé Caoilte mac Roṁáiṁ ṙuaḋ,
tṙuaġ m'ḟuiṙeaċ ḋ'éiṙ aṁ t-ṙluaġ;
a'ṙ naċ maiṙeaḋ fiaṁṁa Fhiṁṁ,
ḋaṁ ḋa n-ḋéiṙ ní h-aoiḃiṁṁ.

Jṙ mé Caoilte mac Roṁáiṁ cóiṙ,
tṙuaġ m'ḟuiṙeaċ taiṙṁéiṙ aṁ t-ṙlóiġ;
téaṙṁa mo lúṫ a'ṙ mo ṁeaṙt,
faḋa liom beiṫ ḋa n-éiṙṫeaċt.

O. "Better for you settle among yourselves,"
Said Oisin, a wise man;
"Let each perform mutual fosterage,
And pay our honor-fines."

Bright Roighne of the agreeable voice,
He was the good son of Fionn;
The commencement of peace was,
To give him to Aenghus.

The good lively son of Aenghus
Was given in charge to the Finnian king;
From that time until now
The enmity has ceased.

Sad it is to me that Eochaidh of Aoibh
Fell in the house of Formaoil;
That they may not have the aid of Eochaidh,
The happy hosts of Aenghus.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the red,
Painful is my staying after the hosts;
And that the Fianna of Fionn don't live,
After them to me it is not joyful.

I am Caoilte the son of Ronan the Just,
Pity I remained after the host;
My strength and agility have failed,
Long time it is to me to be hearing of them.

SEILG NA FÉINNE OS CIONN LOCHA DEIRG.

Oir. A PHÁDRUIG móir, a mic Calpruinn,
an g-cualaid tú fianna Fhinn;
ag éirghe ór cionn Loca Deirg,[1]
mar aon a'r cáċ a g-cóimh-feilg?

Piart do bí ar Loċ an t-sléibe,
le'r cuireadh ár na Féinne;
ficċe céad nó ní bur mó,
dá d-tuig bár an aon ló.

Oglaċ maiṫ do bí ag Fionn,
Iuirim duit a Thailgionn;[2]
Ablach an Oir, mac rígh Gréag,
do ċuirgeadh glór ó gaċ péirt.

A d-tuigċíbe an ní deir an péirt,
do raid Ablach, rir an b-Féinn;
caogad eaċ nó ní bur mó,
do ċur cúigaiċe gaċ aon ló.

[1] Loċ Dearg, *Lough Derg*. This celebrated lake is situated in the parish of Templecarne, in the barony of Tirhugh, county of Donegal, and province of Ulster. It is studded with picturesque Islands, of which the chief are, Saint's Island, or St. Fintan's Island, named from the founder of a monastery erected there; of which some remains are still to be seen; Turrus, or Station Island, so called from its being the resort of pilgrims.

THE FINNIAN HUNT ON THE BORDERS OF LOUGH DERG.

Ois. O MIGHTY Patrick, the son of Calphruinn,
Hast thou heard of the Fianna of Fionn;
Mustering over Lough Derg,
And myself with them in the chase?

A serpent there was in the Lough of the mountain,
Which caused the slaughter of the Fianna;
Twenty hundred or more
It put to death in one day.

A valiant youth who lived with Fionn,
I tell thee, O Tailgin;
Ablach the Golden, the son of the king of Greece,
Who understood every serpent's speech.

"Know ye what the serpent saith,"
Ablach said to the Fianna;
"Fifty steeds or more,
To send to it [to eat] every day."

[2] Tailgin, i.e. *The Tonsured*, translated by Colgan, *circulo tonsus in capite*; but Dr. O'Brien (see Irish Dictionary, *voce* TAILGEAN, *Paris ed.*, 1768), erroneously supposes the term to mean a holy offspring, a name, he believes, to have been given to St Patrick by the Druids before his arrival in Ireland. The term is sometimes met in Ossianic Poetry, when St. Patrick's name is introduced, which fact would lead one to suppose that these compositions in their original form were coeval with St. Patrick's arrival, or immediately after.

O. Innis dí go ḃ-faġaiḋ sí sin,
a Ablaich an ċroṫa ġil;
is feárr sin ná aon laoċ lonn,
do ṫuitim leis a g-coṁlonn.

An ṗiast an oiḋċe sin gan ḃiaḋ,
codla níor ṫionsgain an Fhiann;
ar d-teaċt na maidne go moċ,
do ċuir anfaḋ mór ar an loċ.

Do ḃioḋg an ṗiast ar an d-tráiġ,
do léigeadar an Fhiann trom-ġáir;
dob' iomḋa fear ag briseaḋ a cinn,
re h-iomad laoċra na timċeall.

Sul do ṫáinig meḋḋan do'n ló,
ba lia ár mairḃ ná ár m-beó;
ba saṁuil le sluaġ Cille,[1]
uirearbaḋ ár nglan laoċraiḋ.

Do ṡloigeaḋ léi mac ríġ Gréag,
agus Oisín cia mór an béad;
do ṡloigeaḋ léi go beaċt,
fear agus céad a n-aoinḟeaċt.

Níor sloigeaḋ Mac Cúṁaill léi,
'ná an ṁéid ḃí 'muiġ da Fhéinn;
a's ní raiḃ díoḃ gan dul ṫart,
aċt beagán re h-uċt imṫeaċt.

Do ṡloigeaḋ Daolgus a's Goll,
a's Fionn ṁic Rosa na g-coṁlonn,
a's Conán maol, sgéal nár ṁaiṫ,
Déid Gheal, a's Tréan Mór.

[1] Sluaġ Cille, i.e. a fairy host, or aerial beings, who are generally supposed to be sometimes visible. In our Second Vol. (see pp. 95-96, 97–98), will be found a very curious poem addressed to these gentry by William Cotter the

O. "Tell her she will get that,
O Ablach of the fair skin;
'Tis better do so than that one hero
Should fall by it in conflict."

That night the serpent had no food,
The Fianna dare not take repose;
On the approach of early dawn
It sent a terrible storm on the lake.

The serpent sprang upon the strand,
And the Fianna gave a tremendous shout;
Many a man advanced to break its head
From among those that did surround it.

Before it reached midday
Our dead were more than our living;
More numerous than the host of a churchyard
Was the loss of our fine heroes.

It swallowed the king of Greece's son,
And Oisin, though great the deed;
It swallowed most certainly
A hundred and one [men] at once.

Mac Cumhaill was not swallowed by it,
Nor all that were abroad of his Fianna;
And there was not of them besides
But few left to depart.

It swallowed Daolgus and Goll,
And Fionn Mac Rosa of the conflicts;
And Conan the bald, though sad the tale,
Deidgheal and Treanmor.

Red, a native bard, who lived at Castlelyons in the county of Cork, in the beginning of the last century.

O. Tug Fionn an síṫ prap,[1]
gaḃas an ṗéist ar alt ;
agus tug cor go dian di,
gur ċuir a cliaḃ a náirde.

Mar ċonnairc Dáire mac Fhinn,
an ríġ-ḟéinne cionn a g-cinn,
tug léim a m-béal na péiste,
dob' é sin an síṫ aiġṁéile.

Ar n-dul do Dháire na cliaḃ,
is ann do ċuiṁne ar a sgian ;[2]
do rinn slíġ do féin amaċ,
dob' é sin an ċosgair iongantaċ.

Do ċuir sé aisde do'n ḃ-Féinn,
Oisín agus mac ríġ Gréag ;
gníoṁ ba beó ná sin,
anaṁ duine do ċualaiḋ.

An dá ċéad táinig amaċ,
do ḃádar gan folt[3] gan éadaċ ;
maiṫ do ċeannaiḋ na Féinne,[4]
a ḃ-fuair siad a riaṁ a n-Eirínn.

Turus Chonáin mar nár ċóir,
a m-broinn an ḃeaṫaḋaiġ ró ṁóir,
mar naċ raiḃ gruaig ar a ċeann,
níor ḟan leaġab[5] ar a ċloigeann.[6]

1 Síṫ prap, i.e. a sudden jerk, a nimble bound, a spring, &c.

2 Sgian, *skian* or *knife*. This war-weapon was used by the ancient Irish ; but now it is confined to Scotland, and to the Highland Clans.

3 Folt, i.e. locks of hair.

4 Maiṫ do ċeannaiḋ. Here Oisin intimates that all the favours obtained by the Fianna from the Irish princes were dearly purchased by their blood.

O. Fionn made a sudden spring,
And took the serpent by the neck;
And he gave it a violent twist.
Till he turned its belly upwards.

As Daire the son of Fionn saw
The Finnian king thus engaged,
He sprang into the monster's mouth—
That was the noble bound.

On Daire's entering its body,
'Twas then he bethought of his *sgian*;
He opened a passage for himself out—
That was the wonderful cleaving.

He rescued from her of the Fianna,
Oisin and the king of Greece's son;
A more heroic deed than that
Seldom men have heard.

The two hundred who came out,
Were bald and naked;
Dearly did the Fianna purchase
All they ever received in Eirinn.

The visit of Conan which was not just,
Into the body of the great monster;
Because there was no hair on his head,
A patch of skin remained not on his skull.

[5] leaġab, i.e. a patch of leather of any sort; and Conan, who had no hair on his head to lose, lost a portion of the skin from his scalp.

[6] Cloiġeann, i.e. a skull or human head; from cloġ, a bell, and ceann, a head; viz. cloġ-ċeann, or cloigeann.

O. Fíonn-loċa Deirg fá h-aimsir,
do'n loċ ar d-tús, a ċóir Chléirċ;
d'fág Loċ Dearg ar ré beó,
ó ar na Féinne an aon ló,

Trí lá, a'r mí, a'r bliadain,
do bí Loċ Dearg fó díamair,
ó ló marbċa Féinne Fhinn,
a deirim riot, a Thailgín.

Ir mé ag cantain a n-diaig na b-Fiann,
a Phádruig! dealbar gaċ grian;
an rgéal rin d'innrim díb,
iomda daoine do ċualaid.

EACHTRA AN AMADÁIN MHÓIR.

DO ċualaid rgéal uaimneaċ gan bréig,
ar óinmid[1] da ngéillid rlóg;
fear meanmnaċ naċ deargaid airm air,
d'ar ba aimsir an t-Amadán Mhór.[2]

Riogaċta an domain do gab ré,
an fear nar éirġe a'r do bí borb;
ní le tneirge a rgéiġ 'na lann,
acċ le neart a ball 'ra da doirn.

[1] Oinbid, an oaf.

[2] Amadán mór, *literally*, a big fool, an oaf, a simpleton, an idiot, or one

O. Fionn-loch Dearg was the name
Of this Lake, in the beginning, O Just Cleric;
But Lough Dearg remained since that time,
From the slaughter of the Fianna on that day.

Three days, a month, and a year
Lough Dearg was covered with mists;
Since the day of the slaughter of the Fianna of Fionn,
I tell thee, O Tailgin.

I am pining after the Fianna,
O Patrick! who formed every sun;
This tale which I relate to thee
Was heard by many a man.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE AMADAN MOR.

I HEARD a dreadful tale, no doubt,
Regarding a Simpleton whom hosts obeyed;
A courageous man, on whom arms did not redden,
Whose name was the Amadan Mor.

The kingdoms of the world he subdued,
He who was not weak but fierce;
Not by the might of his shield or lance,
But by the strength of his limbs and hands.

incapable of managing his affairs. The poem is not strictly speaking Ossianic, but belongs to the ballad class, and is very popular among the peasantry.

Lá dá g-cualaidh an t-Amadán Mór,
go raibh ag rídh Loċlann na dáil;
an bean ba bheaġċa dhearc a'r rgéimh,
dá raibh ar an raoġal le fáġail.

Do ġluair air go lom lúċ,
go faiċċe na Beirbe thaċ;
ċum amhairc d'fáġail ar an mhaoi,
ba bheaġċa do bí aige le fáġail.

Tarla ógláċ gairb fionn,
ar ag rúbal coir na tháġa;
d'fiarraidh de an t-ríġe na b-fáġad,
naḋairc ar an rioghain mhá.

D'innir do go raib rí a g-cúirt,
ḋainġean ċúmḋaiġ coir na tháġa;
a'r go raib reaċt b-fiċiḋ laoċ calma,
na ngárda fearaimh dá coimḋeaḋ.

Do ġluair an fear mór go dian luaiṫ,
go n-deaċaidh do ṁoiċ 'na mearg;
fiarfuiġear rgéala díob go h-úmal,
cia an ċúirt 'na raib an bean?

Do labair Fearġur mór go h-ard,
créad bur fáċ dob' loirg baoċ?
ar ór a'r ar airgead an domhain,
ní b-fáġċa labairt na dul na gaor.

Dá m-beiṫ fior agamra cá b-fuil an bean,
ir áilne gné, dhearc, a'r clóḋ;
gan ċead duirre ná díb go léir,
ní fada an ċéim go m-beiḋinn na cóir.

One day the Amadan Mor was told,
That the king of Lochlin had awaiting him,
A lady of the fairest shape and form,
That the world ever beheld.

Onwards he goes in quick motion,
To the plain of Beirbe in haste;
To get a glance at a woman,
The fairest, he was about to obtain.

He met a fair-haired, rough hero,
Wandering by the shore;
He inquired of him the way
To where he could see the princely woman.

He informed him that she was in a palace,
Firm and strong near the shore;
And that there were seven-score heroes
As a standing guard protecting her.

The huge man proceeded in haste,
Till he went cunningly in their midst;
He enquireth of them calmly
What palace did the woman dwell in?

The great Fergus loudly asked;
"What is the cause of thy silly question?
For all the gold and silver in the world
You could not speak to, nor approach her."

"If I knew where the woman is,
Of the fairest skin, colour and shape;
Without thy leave or that of you all,
It is not long till I would be in her presence."

Dan do lainn, a ōglaoiċ mōin,
an roy do ġlōn a beiṫ bonb teann;
dá g-cuinfá ċum dul na cōin,
ba ġeann an dōiṫ duit beiṫ gan ċeann!

Do ġlac fearg an t-amadan mōn,
a'r gneamuiġear Fearġus idir a lāma;
adúbairt leis tuairirg na mná ṫabairt do,
nō déanfad bruṫan do na ċnáma.

Eirígear cáċ go bonb teann,
a'r beirnear gaċ aon díob an b-fear mōn;
ba ġeann an mall an jad go léir,
dá ngoin go h-aedaib gan lúṫ gan treoir.

Seaċt b-fṫéid laoċ calma cruaid,
do ṫainig ag bualad an fir mōir;
a'r dá mēid a ngoinead na nguair,
ir beag an t-ruim do bí aige dōib.

Gaċ aon aco man ċigead air,
do ċaiṫfead é na ṗleist an lān,
gur leag gaċ aon díob le fuaim,
trearġanta a nguair an báir.

Ann rin do ċuaid ran g-cúirt,
'na naib an ċúigfiond maireaċ mná;
do nuig leis í go dána dian,
a'r fear a ċoire ní naib le fáġail.

Ann rin thiallar an t-Amadan Mōr,
the ċrioca Loċlann na g-ceōl g-caoin;
é féin, a'r aon macaom mna,
ní facaid a g-cōm-ailne do dír.

"By thy hand, O great hero,
Though thy talk is fierce and stout,
If thou attempt to go in her presence
Thou soon wouldst lose thy head."

The huge man became angry,
And caught Fergus in his arms;
He asked him to tell where the woman was,
Or he would break his bones.

They all arose fierce and stout,
And laid hold of the huge man;
But it was not long until all
Were heart-wounded and left feeble.

Seven score hardy, valiant heroes,
Came to fight the big man;
And, though great his pains and dangers,
Little cared he about them.

Each of them as he approached him,
He threw like a carcass on the ground;
Till he laid low all of them with a vengeance,
Vanquished, in the pangs of death.

He then entered the mansion
Where the handsome woman dwelt;
He carried her off fearlessly and quickly,
And a man to outstrip him could not be found.

The Amadan Mor then makes his way
Through Lochlin's land of delightful songs;
Himself and the young woman,
Two their equal were never seen.

Do ṫarla gleann diaṁar dóiḃ,
naċ raḃadar ann roiṁe riaṁ;
ba ḃreaġṫa sreaḃ, fioḋḃa, a's fonn,
a's fuaim na d-tonn le sleasaiḃ liag.

Do ċonarcadar ċúca ar an d-tráiġ,
gaisgeaḋaċ ba ró áluinn brat;
soiġṫeaċ ór-ġloin iona láiṁ,
a saṁuil coirnn ina m-bí deoċ.

Ann sin adúḃairt an t-Amadán Mór,
ní raḃas fós ar feaḋ mo rae;
aon uair riaṁ is mó mo ṫart,
is maiṫ liom a ṫeaċt giḋbé.

Sírim ort, ar an ġaiṫlionn óg,
ná h-iḃ a ḋeoċ a's ná blais a ḃiaḋ,
nó go ḃ-feasam cia an gleann,
náċ raḃamar ann roiṁe riaṁ.

Beannuiġeas Gruagaċ[1] an ċoirnn óir,
do'n Amadán Mhor a's da ṁnaoi;
bí go súḃaċ a óglaoiċ ṁoir,
ná bí dúḃaċ a's ól deoċ.

Ann sin beireas an fear mór,
go borb croḋa ar a n-diġ;
tug sé deárnaḋ fá'n g-cornn óir,
a's níor ḟág ann deór nár iḃ.

Imṫíġeas Gruagaċ an ḃruit ċaoiṁ,
tar éis na díġe dosan d'ól;
a ḋá ċois ó na ġlúinib sios,
do ḃí do ḋíṫ an ḟir ṁóir.

[1] Gruagaċ, a wizard, sorcerer, or magician.

They entered a solitary valley,
Where they never had been before ;
Of purest streams, woods and soil,
And the roar of the waves on rocky cliffs.

They beheld approaching them on the shore
A champion clothed with costliest mantle ;
A vessel of chaste wrought gold in his hand,
In the shape of a goblet, containing drink.

Then the Amadan Mor saith,
" I have not been during my life,
At any time so greatly a thirst,
I am glad he comes, whoever he be."

" I entreat of thee," saith the youthful maid,
" Not to drink his drink or taste his food,
Until we learn what vale is this,
In which we have never been before."

The Gruagach of the golden cup salutes
The Amadan Mor and his wife;
" Be merry, O great hero,
Do not be sad, and take a drink."

Then the big man takes
Courageously and daringly the drink ;
He puts his palm under the golden vessel,
And a drop he left not that he did not swallow.

The Gruagach with the smooth mantle departs
After he had taken the drink ;
And his two legs, from the knees,
Were wanting to the big man.

Ann sin adúbairt an macaoṁ mná,
is cruaiḋ an cás 'na ḃ-fuil tu 'nois,
is tearc dam ċaraid fa'n n-doṁan mór,
nó geaḃadsa arís mo dá ċóir.

Ann sin, do ráiḋ an macaoṁ mná,
a ḟir is fearr láṁ dá ḃ-fuil ann;
do ṡiuḃlasa an doṁan fó ṫrí,
a's ní ḃ-fuaras tír mar an ngleann.

Gus an annaċ na raiḃ siad,
gaḃas an fiaḋ beannaċ borb,
agus gaḋar cluas ḋearg bán,
ag tafann go dána ar a lorg.

Tugas an t-Amadán Mór,
urċar cneasda le seól dian;
gur ċuir an t-sleaġ do ḃí na ḋóiḋ,
tre an g-croiḋe ag an ḃ-fiaḋ.

Ann sin beireas ar an ngaḋar bán.
a's ceanglas é go caoṁ ar iall;
beir agamsa ag ḋéanaṁ ceoil,
go d-tigeaḋ tóir nó neaċ ad ḋiaġ.

Ní fada go ḃ-facadar ċúca san ngleann,
gaisgeaḋaċ áluinn ḃruit an óir;
a ċloiḋeaṁ cruaiḋ-ġéar ar a ṫaoḃ clí,
a's a ṡleaġ 'sa sgiaṫ 'na ḋóiḋ.

Beannuiġeas Gruagaċ an ḃruit óir,
do'n Amadán Mhór a's dá ṁnaoi;
a's fiafraiġeas an fear mór de go beaċt,
cá talaṁ do ċleaċt, nó cá tír?

Then the young maiden said,
"Hard is thy case just now;
Few are my friends in the world wide,
Or thou shalt again get thy limbs."

Then the gentle maiden said,
"O man, the stoutest of all that are,
I travelled the world over thrice,
And met no place like this valley."

To the place in which they stood
A deer approaches with antlers fierce;
And a red-eared white hound
Barking loudly in his track.

The Amadan Mor makes a cast
With judgment and a true aim;
And sent the spear which he held in his hand
Through the heart of the deer.

He then lays hold of the white hound,
And ties him gently with a thong;
I shall keep thee to amuse me,
Until pursuers, or some one follow thee.

'Twas not long till they saw approach them in the valley,
The proud champion of the golden mantle,
His sharp-pointed tempered sword on his left side,
And his spear and shield in his hand.

The Gruagach of the golden mantle
Salutes the Amadan Mor and his wife,
And the big man asks of him positively,
What land or country he inherited.

Ridire an Ḃruit is é m'ainim,
ó gaċ arm ṫigim slán,
go deiṁin duitse, a óglaoiċ ṁóir,
is mise Gruagaċ an ġaḋair ḃáin.

A ġaisgiḋiġ úd is áilne deilḃ,
do ḃeirim féin do ḋearḃa duit;
ná beiḋ Gruagaċ an ġaḋair ḃáin,
go lá'n ḃráṫ dá ṫaḃairt ort.

Naċ leór ḋuitse, a óglaoiċ ṁóir,
ċum ḃeiṫ cóir anns an roinn;
an t-seilg do ḃeiṫ ar do láiṁ,
a's mo ġaḋar ban do léigeann liom?

Mise féin do rinn an t-seilg,
do ráiḋ an t-Amadán go garḃ dian;
a's gibe aguinn is treise láṁ,
bíoḋ aige an gaḋar bán sa fiaḋ.

O ṫarlaiḋ mo ġaḋar bán ar do láiṁ,
a's go ḃ-fuil do ċosa dod' ḋíṫ;
biaḋ agus deoċ leḋ' rae,
glac ḋuit féin agus dod' ṁnaoi.

Ann sin, adúḃairt an macaoṁ mna,
taḃair an gaḋar bán dam?
do ḃéarfainn agus an gaḋar breac,
a's dá mo áil leat ní bus mó.

Ann sin do ġluaiseadar an triar,
an bean san laoċ san Gruagaċ óg;
do ċuir an fear mór ar a ṁuin an fiaḋ,
a ċlogaḋ, a sgiaṫ, agus a bean.

The Knight of the Mantle is my name,
From all arms I come whole;
To you I tell, O great young man, that
I am the Gruagach who owns the white hound."

"O thou hero of the fairest form,
I do pledge myself to thee,
That the Gruagach of the white hound
Till the day of judgment thou shalt not be called."

"Is it not enough for thee, O great hero,
To be just in the division;
To keep the deer to thyself,
And leave my white hound to me?"

"'Twas I that slew the deer,"
Saith the Amadan in firm tone,
"And whoever of us has the stoutest arm,
Let him have the deer and white hound."

"As it happens that my white hound came into thy [hands,
And that thou art in want of thy feet;
Food and drink during thy life,
Take for thyself and thy wife."

Then the gentle young woman said,
"Give to me the white hound;"
"I would, and the speckled hound,
And if thou desirest more."

Then went forth the three,
The woman, the hero, and the young Gruagach;
The big man put the deer on his back,
His helmet, his shield, and his wife.

Ní raba go b-racadar ran ngleann,
Caṫair do bí a n-dealraiġ ór;
Ní naib daṫ da b-paca rúil,
Na naib ran g-cúirt a'r ní ba ṁó.

Ann rin adúbairt an macaoṁ mna,
Cia an ċaṫair óṁa úd;
Ir breaġċa ruad 'rir ailne breaċ,
Nó an péidir a braṫ na rúbal.

Dún-an-Oir ir é a h-ainm,
Dún garb Ghleanna an Smóil;
Ní b-fuil anoir da fuirinn ar fáġail,
Acṫ mire péin, a'r mo bean.

An gleann rin ionar ġabair tríd,
Lán do draoiġeaċt do bíonn do ġnáṫ;
Ir beag an fóġnaṁ do ġníḋim péin,
Acṫ aġ coimḋead méine mo ṁna.

Fuaradar aon bean ran Dún,
Ní naib riaṁ nadairc do b'feairr,
Ba ġile na an gneaċta a corp,
A norġ gorm ra déad ban.

Ann rin adúbairt an macaoṁ mna,
Cia í an déad-ġeal alainn óġ;
Nó an fear mór borb gnoiḋe,
Ir ailne gnaoi, breaċ, a'r clóḋ.

Bean an fir ṁóir úd do ċíḋir,
Inġíon rígh éirne an óir;
Agur é péin an fear meanmnaċ,
D'ar ba ainim an t-Amadán Mór.

'Twas not long till they saw in the valley
A city that shone like unto gold;
There was no colour which eye had seen
That was not in the mansion, and many more.

'Twas then the young maiden asked,
"What golden city is that
Of the finest appearance and hue,
Or could it be betrayed or traversed?"

"*Dun an Oir* (Fort of the Gold) is its name,
The strong Dun of Glen an Smoil,
There is not now of its inhabitants alive
But myself and my wife.

"The glen through which thou hadst passed
Is always full of witchcraft;
Little good I do myself
But satisfying the wishes of my wife."

They found a woman in the Dun,
A sight like it was never seen;
Her person was fairer than the snow,
Blue her eyes and bright her teeth.

Then the youthful woman asked,
"Who is the bright-toothed, fair, and young;
Or the stout, brave, big man
Of the fairest countenance, colour and shape?"

"The wife of that big man whom you see,
Is the daughter of the king of the Golden Land;
And he himself is the vigorous man,
Whose name is the Amadan Mor.

Jr é ir feann lúċ a'r néim,
annr an t-saogal dá b-faca fóir;
crioċa an domain fá na béim,
a'r mire féin gur ġéill dó.

Jr iongna liom a b-fuil tú náð,
riogaċt an domain fó na béim;
a'r man léig fé a ċora leó,
a'r méid gaċ clóġ dan buain fé ġéill.

Jnnrim duit gur fíor gan gó,
riogaċta an domain gur ġab do láim;
a'r naċ b-fuil níġ ná flaiṫ fan t-saogal,
naċ tuġ ġéile do neart a láim.

Cia gur beaġ ċáinig dá ṫaogal,
do bí annr an dTréig na ġamal óg;
ba ġeann an ṁoill an míle laoċ,
do ṫreasġnað fé an uain de lóṁ.

Ní naib cloġad, cloideaṁ, ná sgiaṫ,
ná arm géar ag an b-fear óg;
acċt beiṫ dá g-caiṫeaṁ de ṗleirt uaiṫ,
marb, fuar, gan daṫ, gan rnóġ.

Ní b-fuil rioġaċt ar biṫ fan domain,
ná tuġ go lom caṫ ar gaċ tóir!
ní naib neaċ ċuir ar le faobar,
nar ġeann a néim aige beó.

Do ċáinig Colġaċ na g-cruaḋ lann,
an fear gan sgáṫ ó'n Airia ṁóir,
ir níor ḋeanġ arm ar a ċlí,
cia ġab fé tríd an n-domain ṁór!

"He is possessed of the greatest agility and power
In the world that I have yet seen;
The kingdoms of the earth are under his control,
And I myself submitted to him."

"I wonder much at what you say,
The kingdoms of the earth to be under his control;
How he suffered them to take his limbs,
And the number of hosts he hath subdued."

"I tell you that it is so,
The kingdoms of the earth he has conquered;
And that there is not a king or chief on earth
Who did not submit to the might of his hand.

"Though but few of his days have yet come,
He was in Greece a youthful oaf;
Without much delay a thousand heroes
He would lay low in one hour.

"Neither helmet, sword, nor shield,
Or sharp arms had the youthful man;
But casting them out of his way
Dead, cold, pale, and wan.

"There is not a kingdom in the world
That he did not give battle to their force;
There was no man who dared him to fight
Whose career he did not shorten.

"Colgach of the tempered blades arrived,
The undaunted man from broad Asia;
Arms never reddened on his breast,
Though he travelled the whole world.

Do ċuir ar go ró ṫapaiḋ,
a ċulaċ airm go cliste cóir;
a's dúḃairt go raċaḋ do ċóṁrac leis,
nuair ċualaiḋ teist an ḟir ṁóir.

D'ḟiafraiḋ de cár ḟág na ḋiaiġ,
a ċlogad, a sgiaṫ, na a ċloiḋeaṁ cóir;
a dúḃairt seisean fós nár iarr,
do airm riaṁ aċt a dá ḋóid.

A dúḃairt Colgaċ gur b'olc an ċiall,
gan airm d'iarraiḋ ċum dul a ngleó;
a's baistimse ort mar ainim,
fad do ṁairfir an t-Amadán Mór.

Taréis sin do ráḋ tug le faoḃar,
builleaḋ tréan do'n ḟear mór;
gur ġearr go cnáṁ a's do ḃuain béic,
as lé béim an ḃuilleaḋ ṁóir.

Beirear go lom idir a dá ġéig,
ar Ċholgaċ tréan na g-cruaḋ láṁ;
gur ċuir ionuṫar le fasga níṁe,
tríd síos gan roinn spáis.

Is briaṫar daṁsa, a ġaiṫlionn óg.
ríoġaċta an domain dá ṁéad a slóġ,
muna m-beiḋ draoiġeaċt an ċoirnn ċrosda,
ní léigfeaḋ súd a ċosa leó.

Raċadsa arís do ḟeilg do'n ġleann,
ar an Gruagaċ ris an b-fear mór;
coiméad am ḋiaiġ le deaġ rún,
mo ḃean, mo ċúirt, a's mo ċuid óir.

" He quickly arrayed himself
In his fighting garments, active and right;
And said he would go fight him,
When he heard the fame of the big man.

" He enquired of him where he had left
His helmet, shield, and trusty sword;
He said in reply that he never asked
Any arms but his two fists.

" Colgach said that it was unwise,
Not to ask for arms when going to fight;
'And I now christen thee for a name
Whilst thou livest, the Amadan Mor.'

" After speaking thus he gave
A heavy severe blow to the big man;
Till he cut him to the bones, and made him roar;
Through the effect of this mighty blow.

" He takes him tightly under the arms,
The valiant Colgach of the tempered blades,
Till he drove his entrails by a venomous squeeze
Down through his body without delay.

" By my word, O youthful maid,
The kings of the world, though great their hosts,
But for the spells of the magic cup,
He would not suffer them to take his legs.

" I shall go again to hunt in the glen,"
Saith the wizard to the big man;
" Protect in my absence in good faith
My wife, my palace, and all my gold.

Má'r fada gainid do beid mé amuigh,
Ná dein codla a'r ná cnom do ceann,
Ná léig aon duine arteach,
Ná duine amach dá b-fuil ann.

An Gruagach, an cu, a'r an gadar ban,
D'imtigeadar an triúr do feilg;
An dír ban ran t-Amadán Mór,
D'fanadar ran g-catair óir-deirg.

Adúbairt an t-Amadán Mór,
A gaiclíonn óg tar faoim' ceann;
Atá an codla am buain go trom,
A'r níor ba am dam fuan ran ngleann.

Tainig an gaiclíonn faoi na ceann,
Ba ramhail a deallradh leir an ngréin;
A'r dúbairt leir an Amadán Mór,
Nach tráth fuair do déanamh é.

Níor b-fada iarrid do rád dóib,
Go d-tainig gairgeadach óg arteach;
Do bean an Ghruagaig do buain póig,
A'r do mear dul amach.

An feicrin rid do'n gaiclíonn óg,
Do tóg an fear mór a ceann;
A'r dúbairt rí leir an Amadán Mór,
Do rinnir fuan a'r níor b'é am.

Ir olc an t-am, an rí, fó car,
'rir iontráchach do rinn tu fuan,
Acht an dí a'reig,
'rir eagal duit gun céim chuaid.

"Be it long or short that I am abroad,
Do not sleep or bend thy head;
Let nobody in,
Or one out of all that is here."

The Gruagach, the hound, and the white dog,
The three went to the chase;
The two women and the Amadan Mor
Remained in the golden coloured fortress.

The Amadan Mor said,
"O youthful maid, raise my head;
Sleep is overcoming me greatly,
And this is no time to sleep in the glen."

The maiden came to raise his head;
Her appearance was like unto the sun;
And she said to the Amadan Mor,
"This is no time to take repose."

They were not long after saying these words
Until a young champion came in;
From the Gruagach's wife he snatched a kiss,
And then attempted to depart.

On the young maiden beholding this
The big man raised his head;
And she said to the Amadan Mor,
"You have slept, but 'twas not the time.

"'Tis a bad time," said she, in grief,
"And 'tis untimely thou tookest repose;
There are some on thy track in the house,
And thou mayest fear a hard contest."

Muna m-beiðinn an ċrom ſuan,
ní léigfinn do teaċt arteaċ;
nó go d-tigið Sruaġaċ Dhúna-an-Óir,
ní naċaið ré dom ðeoin amaċ.

An lan an donuir do ſuið ré,
an a rgiaċ do muġ na ðóid;
nion ċum ġoba, raoin, ná ceáird,
cómlað ba ðaingne ná'n fear mór.

Eirġear an Sruaġaċ dear donn,
an a rgiaċ do muġ na ðóid;
fáġ an donur a'r néið mo ſlíġe,
nó ir ġnod ſocfaiṁ a fíṁ móiṁ.

Ann ran adúbairt an t-Amadán Mór,
a ġairgeaðaið óg atá borb, teann;
nó go d-tigið an Sruaġaċ atá muiġ,
beir re artiġ nó do ċeann.

Do ġeabað tú, a ṁacaoiṁ móiṁ,
lán tuí n-dabaċ d'ór ġlan;
agur reaċt g-céad feapann raoin,
a'r léiġ mé féin anír amaċ.

Do beiriṁ mo briaċar duit gan ġó,
gið mór fór a b-fuil tú náð;
aċt go d-tigið Sruaġaċ Dhún-an-Óir,
go n-ſocfað tú ar póig a ṁná.

Do buain mé do'n Ghruaġaċ an coinn,
aġ dul do fá'n leiriġ arteaċ;
do ġeabað tú leaċ-ċoir faoid' ċóin,
a'r léiġ me annr an nóð amaċ.

"Had I not been in heavy sleep,
I would not suffer him to come in;
Until the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives
Nor would he depart without my leave."

In the centre of the door he sat,
He takes his shield in his hand;
A smith, carpenter, or artist never formed
A firmer pillar than the big man.

The comely, brown-haired Gruagach, arose,
And in his hand he grasps his shield;
"Leave the door and clear my way,
Or soon thou wilt suffer, O big man."

Then the Amadan Mor said,
"O young hero who art fierce and stout,
Until the Gruagach who is outside comes in
Thou shalt remain, or thy head."

"Thou shalt get, O youthful hero,
Three cauldrons full of pure gold;
And seven hundred townlands free,
And permit me to depart again."

"I pledge thee my word truly,
Tho' great are all thou sayest,
When the wizard of Dun-an-Oir arrives
Thou shalt pay for kissing his wife."

"I took from the Gruagach the cup,
And he approaching from the plain;
Thou wilt get one leg under thy seat,
And let me out the way I came."

Adúbairt an ġaiṫlionn óg,
  léig an gaisgeaḋaċ cróḋa amaċ;
  cuireaḋ an leaṫ-ċois fúġam,
  a's imṫiġeaḋ ar siúbal gan stad.

Cuireas an gaisgeaḋaċ faoi le draoiġeaċt,
  an leaṫ-ċois mar do ḃí riaṁ;
  do ráiḋ an Gruagaċ glic,
  biaḋmaoid anois ag triall.

Adúbairt an t-Amadán Mór,
  fanfa tú fós go mall;
  an leaṫ-ċois eile 'sa cur suas,
  do ḃéarfair uait nó do ċeann.

Do ḃí an Gruagaċ a g-cás ċruaiḋ,
  do ṫug léim luaṫ a n-uċt na mná;
  gaḃ mo ċomairce, a ḃean,
  a's mo ḋíon go beaċt o'n m-bás.

Ní baoġlaċ duitse an bás,
  do ráiḋ an ḃean dob' áilne dealḃ;
  tabair an leaṫ-ċois eile uait,
  a's díon ó'n nguais seo tanam.

Níor léig eagla ná bíoḋga ḋo,
  do ḃí an fear mór ós a ċionn;
  tug an leaṫ-ċois eile ḋo,
  sgéal gan ġó mar deir an peann.

Anois ó táid do ċosa fúġat,
  is ró ṁaiṫ do lúṫ a's do réim,
  triallamaoid a d-triúr amaċ,
  go ngaḃam neart ann gaċ céim.

The young woman said,
"Let the magnanimous hero depart;
Let him restore me one leg,
And be off instantly."

The hero by magic fixes to him
The one leg as it had been before;
The cunning Gruagach then said,
"Let us now proceed."

The Amadan Mor said,
"Thou shalt wait yet awhile;
The other leg, and the fixing it,
Thou shalt give, or thy head."

The Gruagach was in a hard plight;
He made a sudden bound to the woman's arms;
"Protect me, O woman,
And shield me from certain death."

"Thou needest not fear death,"
Saith the woman of the goodly figure;
"Give up the other leg,
And save thy soul from this peril."

The terror of the surprise alarmed him,
The big man was over his head;
He gave him the other leg,
A true tale as the pen indites.

"Now that thou hast thy legs,
And thy agility and sway is good,
Let us three go forth,
Till we obtain victory in each conflict."

Mo ċosa do bainis díom,
  ní léigfead leat arís ná leó;
  a's ní mó raċaḋ tu dom ḋeoin amaċ,
  go d-tigeaḋ Gruagaċ Ḋhúna-an-Óir,

Is baoṫ do ṫoisg, a ṁacaoiṁ ṁóir,
  do ċuireas tu a g-cóir lúṫ a's rian;
  ba ċóir dá m-beiṫ ar ċumus duit,
  nár ṁian leat mo ṁí-rian.

Dá d-tugṫá daṁsa tuilleaḋ cos,
  a's gaċ maiṫ dá ḃ-faca súil;
  ní ṫréigfinn ar sin uile mo rún,
  ná mo ċumann d'ḟear an Dúin.

Fear an Dúin ní ṫiocfa arís,
  triall do ṡlíġe a's ná bí 'na ċóir;
  béarsa liom an ḃean dam féin,
  a's ní sgarfad léi go lá an ḃáis.

Atá an Gruagaċ fós le teaċt,
  cia naċ maiṫ leatsa an tráċt;
  íocfaḋ tú a n-dearnais air,
  geallaim duit cia teann do ráḋ!

Le na ṫeaċt nó na ḋul ar ceal,
  glac gaċ maiṫ atáim do ráḋ;
  triallfam féin a's ar n-dís ban,
  a's geaḃam neart ann gaċ árd.

Bean an Ġhruagaiġ ní leat go bráṫ,
  le neart láṁ ná le toil;
  triallfaḋ sí am ḋáilsi féin,
  muna teaċt dá céile a's bí ad ṫost!

"My legs thou tookest from me,
I will not leave with thee or them again;
And neither shalt thou pass out without my leave
Till the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir arrives."

"Silly is thy report, O great hero;
I put thee in the way of thy limbs;
'Twould be but due if in thy power,
That thou shouldst not let me go astray."

"If thou gavest me more legs,
And all good things that eye hath seen,
I would not for them all forsake my love
Or my affection to the man of the Dun."

"The man of the Dun will not come again;
Go thy way, and do not meet him;
I will take the woman to myself,
And I will not part her till my death."

"The Gruagach is yet to come,
Although it is not pleasing to you;
Thou shalt repay thy harm to him,
I promise thee, though stiff thy speech."

"Whether he cometh or goeth elsewhere
Be counselled by what I say;
We will go forth with our two wives,
And we will obtain sway in every land."

"The Gruagach's wife thou shalt never have
By might of hand or consent;
She will come along with myself
Unless her husband arrive, so hold thy tongue."

Nach b-fuil beag eile agad féin,
Ir maith méinn, gnaoi agus norg;
Ir nárneach duit, a macaoimh móir,
mire fá bhíon anoir do chorg.

Ní cáimig riamh, a'r ní chocfa fór,
Gairgeabach chróda na teann laoch;
do ghealadh beag an Ghruagaig óir,
go d-tigid fór faoi na déin.

Ir olc do nádúir a'r do rún,
'rir mór do clú a g-cnjochaib cian;
do cuagar duit fiúbal a'r lúc,
'rir maing duit mo mí-riam.

Do cuagair dam fiúbal a'r lúc,
a'r gur le mí-rún do cailleas iad;
da m-beidinn na n-earbaid go lá an bráth,
ó'n nGruagach ní b-fagainn cnjall.

Do béar gach airge, ón a'r maoin,
do béar gach ní duit ir miadh,
ní déanfad fearta olc na dís,
a'r fuillig fiad anoir da chiall.

Olc na dís ní ghealainn uait,
na fór duair an com fan t-raogal,
beag an Ghruagaig na cead riain,
ní b-fagain iad go teacht do féin.

Innirim duit, a macaoimh móir,
cneid gan gó mo bhriatar fíor,
na crocfa Gruagach Dhúna-an-Óir,
a'r go m-beinre fór aisneach cnid.

"Hast not thou another wife,
Of the gentlest mind, eye, and features?
It becometh thee not, O portly youth,
To upbraid me now and I in grief."

"There never came, nor never will
A valiant champion or hero stout,
Who will take the Gruagach's wife by force,
Till he himself comes to her."

"Thy disposition and affections are evil,
Though great thy fame in distant lands;
I restored to thee thy missing limbs,
And 'tis not thus I should be served."

"Thou didst restore to me my limbs,
And it was by betrayal that I lost them;
If I were without them till the day of judgment
From the Gruagach thou shalt not escape."

"I will give thee presents of gold and wealth,
I will give thee whatever thou desirest;
I will never more do thee harm or ill,
But hide us now from his approach."

"Ill nor harm I accept not at thy hands,
Nor yet presents for the world;
The wife of the Gruagach, nor leave to depart,
Thou shalt not get till he arrives."

"I tell thee, O valiant youth,
And believe truly what I say,
That the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir will not come,
And that thou shalt yet regret."

Dob' aiṫṁeaċ liom an Ghuagaċ caoṁ,
Má'r é riu ruim a b-fuil tú naḋ;
A'r dá m-beiḋ gan teaċt ní faoi do ġuair,
Go n-íocfaiḋ cruaiḋ a b-póig a ṁná.

Ir briaṫar damsa, a ṁacaoiṁ ṁóiḋ,
Go b-fuilid fliġte agam am ḋáil;
Do béarfar bean an Ghruagaiġ óig,
Gan ċead póiḃ ná duit na n-dáil.

Giḋ taimse anoir, a'r an díḋ ban,
Gan Ghruagaċ dear na fliġ;
Ní léigfead go bráṫ tú ḋul amaċ,
Go d-tigiḋ arteaċ má tá beó.

Ní h-eagal liom do ṡluaġ tṁéan,
Do ḃriaoġeaċt féin ná do neart;
Iocfaiḋ liomsa nó leir súd,
Do ċeaċt do'n Dún gan a ċead.

Ma ċugar póig do'n ṁnaoi ċaoiṁ,
A'r gur ṁaiṫ lé féin mo ċeaċt,
Naċ lón leatsa man ḋíol uaim,
Í dá luaḋ mé ḋul amaċ.

Ní ġlacfuinn man íoc í dá luaḋ,
A'r ní maise an tuaiṁ ṫagairt léi;
Ná bí ag tuar do ṫriall amaċ,
Ní fgarfad leat go d-tigiḋ fé.

Dá m-beanaiṁ uait do ċora aṁíg,
Ba ṁón do ḋíṫ a'r ba leaṁ do ġneann;
Ná corg me fearta an triall amaċ,
Nó beir na n-earbaiḋ, a'r fóir do ċeann!

"I would regret the gentle Gruagach,
If this be the gist of what thou sayest;
And should he not arrive, thou shalt not escape
Till thou sorely payest for kissing his wife."

"Take my word, O stalworth youth,
That I have hosts at my command,
Who will take away the wife of the Gruagach,
Without his leave, or thine."

"Though I am now, and the two women,
Away from the gentle Gruagach of the hosts,
I'll never suffer thee to pass out
Till he return, if he be alive.

"I dread not thy stout hosts,
Thy own sorcery or thy might;
Thou shalt satisfy me or him
For visiting this Dun without his leave."

"If I kissed the gentle woman,
And that she wished I did so again;
Is it not sufficient ransom from me,
That if it were her wish I should depart?"

"I would not take her word for it,
And 'tis not right to ask her now;
Do not anticipate thy departure,
Thou shalt not go till he arrives."

"If I deprived thee of thy limbs again,
Great would be thy loss and slow thy mirth;
Keep me no longer from going off,
Or thou wilt lose them and perhaps thy head!"

Má tá do ġníoṁ do réir do ġlóir,
ar an fear mór a's é ar an n-dorus;
féaċamaoid ar aon le ċéile,
cia aguinn is tréine ceann a's cosa.

Ann sin adúbairt an ġaiċlionn óg,
a ḟir ba ċróḋa gaisge a's gliaḋ;
cailleaṁuin do ċosa duit arís,
ba ṁí-ġnaoi a's easbaiḋ ḋian.

A ḃean is áilne sgéiṁ a's dealḃ,
ní eagal duitse go deó arís,
le draoiġeaċt doilḃ, na neart láṁ,
cos na láṁ do ḃeiṫ dam ḋíṫ.

Ní tuigṫear leat a n-éifeaċt fós,
nár ċailleas clóḋ, maise, a's gnaoi;
le geasa draoiġeaċta an ċoirinn ċrosda,
sguirfiḋ do ċosa seal dod' ḋíṫ.

O fuaras mo ċosa arís a g-cóir,
mo neart a's mo ċlóḋ go dearḃ;
ní eagal duit go lá an ḃráṫ,
go ḃ-faġaiḋ do láṁ a g-cealg?

A ġaisgeaḋaiġ úd na m-briaṫar teann,
do ḃagair ceann a's cosa am ḋíṫ;
triall ar h-aġaiḋ a's na déan an ḃeart,
má ṫig leat, is meata an gníoṁ.

Naċ eagal leat do ċosa arís,
easbaḋ briġ, lúṫ, a's rian;
atáid na geasa céadna arís,
le h-imirt ort má ṫuillir iad.

"If thy actions are equal to thy speech,"
Saith the big man, guarding the door,"
"Let us both try our hands,
And see who is the stronger of head and limb."

It was then the youthful maiden said,
"O hero most victorious in feats of arms,
The loss of thy limbs again
Would be a deformity and severe want."

"O woman of the fairest shape and form,
Fear not that ever more
By sorcery or the might of hands
A limb or arm I shall lose.

Thou canst not discern their power yet, [shape;
That I was not deprived of my form, beauty, and
By the spells of the magic cup,
He will leave thee awhile without thy limbs.

"As I got my limbs again all right,
My strength and my form truly,
Thou needest not dread till judgment day
That thy hand shall be afflicted.

"Thou valiant champion of the stout speech
That threatenest to rid me of head and limb,
Go thy way and shun the deed;
But if you do, 'tis a cowardly act."

"Art not thou afraid of losing thy limbs again,
Want of vigour or power to walk;
The same spells are ready now
To be played upon thee if thou deservest them."

Na bí fearta baoċ gan ċéill
leo' ġlóir raob do ċanail linn;
nó go d-tig' an Gruagaċ ceannra, teann,
do faoġal ní rgaifeal linn.

Cneidri, a macaoim, rgéal gan gó,
an Gruagaċ cóir go b-fuil gan brígh,
dá brígh rin féaċ oirt féin,
nó ir duit ir baoġal gealluim díb.

Do béar duit cumur neairt an domain,
buaid agur nóġa air muir a'r air tír;
do ċeaċt rlán ó ġlaidaib cruaid,
a'r gan béim ná guair do náimaid ad ċlaoi.

Do béar duit coinn buaid,
ó gaċ gearra déanfar díon;
clóid na h-óige beid agad féin,
faid nóir faoġail ag ad mnaoi.

Ir maiṫ gaċ guair dá b-fuil tú riáid,
a'r dá feabar a g-cáil, a maiṫ, 'ra ngnímh;
trialL amaċ ní b-faġair go briáṫ.
a b-póig na mná go d-tugair díol.

Ní cuibe duitre, a macaoim móir,
mo ċorg a n-dóiṫ go ngeabainn díṫ;
ní feicir Gruagaċ Dhúna-an-Óir,
ag teaċt ad ċóir go briáṫ anír.

Dá m-biaid gan teaċt go deire an domain,
ní b-faġairire fóir air biṫ ód' féin,
ní b-fuil do trialL go briáṫ amaċ,
go d-tugair díol go beaċt ra b-póig.

" Be no longer simple and senseless,
In thy silly talk to us;
Until the gentle valiant Gruagach arrives,
Thou shalt not part from us alive.

" Believest thou, O youth, indeed
That the just Gruagach is devoid of power?
Therefore, look to thyself,
For danger awaits thee I promise you."

" I will give thee sway over all the earth,
Victory and position over seas and lands;
Thy coming safe out of severe battles,
And to be so, that the foe cannot maim thee.

" I shall give thee a magic cup
That will protect thee from all spells;
A youthful form shalt thou bear,
A long life for thy wife."

" All the gifts thou offerest are good, [value,
And though excellent their fame, and great their
Thou shalt never depart
Until thou atone for kissing the woman."

" 'Tis not becoming of thee, O noble youth,
To detain me for a more cruel fate;
Thou shalt not see the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir again
Visiting thee for evermore."

" Did he not come till the world's end,
Thou shalt not be released from thy pains;
Thou shalt not be suffered to depart
Till thou certainly atonest for the kiss."

Ní le goiṁ do ṫugas di póig,
aċt le ró-ḟeirc cumainn dá gnaoi;
a's gur cailleaḋ Gruagaċ Dhúna-an-Óir,
ní fuláir go d-tiocfaiḋ linn féin í.

Ma cailleaḋ Gruagaċ Dhúna-an-Óir,
is geárr an brón 'sis doilḃ linn;
is é ḃeiṫ marḃ nó beó,
beirsi fós gan cead na slíġ.

Adúḃairt an ġaiṫlionn óg.
do sgéal ní dóiġ go ḃ-fuil fíor,
tiocfaḋ an Gruagaċ tar ais fós,
a's annsa an b-póig do ḃéarfair díol.

Adúḃairt an t-Amadan Mór,
ní fuláir go fóil go n-déanfair moill,
má's gan teaċt do'n Ghruagaċ Óir,
mise do ċum seasaiṁ boill.

Ní ṫuigṫear liom gur briaṫar cóir,
a ṁacaoiṁ ṁóir do ċanair linn;
an té ṫug ort caḃair a's fóir,
gur mian leat brón do na díṫ.

Da ḃ-faġainnse ceart na lann,
cos ná ceann ní léigfinn leat;
ná le laoċraiḋ gaisge an doṁain,
le draoiġeaċt go lom do rinnis beart.

Naċ tuigṫear leatsa, a ṁacaoiṁ ṁóir,
go ḃ-fuil am ċoṁaċta geasa airís;
tusa ḃeiṫ gan ċosa ad ċóir,
díṫ ba ṁó na póg ó ṁnaoi.

"'Twas not through malice I kissed her face,
But from pure affection;
And that when the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir is dead,
She should not hesitate to come with me."

"If the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir were dead,
Our grief would be short, and our tears dry;
But whether he be dead or alive,
Thou shalt still be detained here."

The youthful maiden said,
"Thy story must not be true;
The Gruagach will return yet,
And for that kiss thou must pay."

The Amadan Mor said,
"Thou shalt yet wait awhile;
If the Gruagach doth not return,
I am the man to take his place."

"I cannot perceive that there is truth,
O noble youth, in what thou sayest;
That to him who gave thee help and aid,
Thou shouldst wish sorrow or grief."

"If I got a trial by the sword
A limb or head I would not lose by thee,
Nor with all the valiant heroes the earth produced;
Through wicked sorcery you have done the deed."

"Dost thou not know, O valiant youth,
That it is in my power to use spells again;
To leave thee without thy limbs
Would be a greater evil than a kiss from a woman."

Da g-caillinn cora agus ceann,
lúd mo ball a'r fuil mo dhroighe;
ní léigfinn leatra an bean an ball,
do glóir, cia ceann, ní h-eagal linn.

Aitéim ort, a mhacaoimh mhóir,
do naomh bean óg an Ghruagaigh chaoimh,
nuair na deanna olc ba mhó,
tabair an nód do go réimh.

Cia beacair linn, a chlann an óir,
cu a n-dobrón do dhultadh trí'd;
air an iomchair an talamh d'ór,
ní tabanfainn fór do imteacht slí'g.

Ní h-amhlaidh a'r cóir, a mhacaoimh mhóir,
dí'd na bhrón ní deanna dúinn;
ba doilb liomsa tusa fór,
do claoidh dam deoin le gearaibh dhaoigeacht.

A bean ir áilne clódh agus gnaoi,
na glac trí'omsa uamhan bhróin;
iona gearaibh ní b-fuil mo fuim,
ní b-fagaidh na g-ceangal mé go deó!

Do labair an gaiséligonn go caomh caoin,
a'r dúbairt, a mhacaoimh na m-buadh lann;
ní fiú coir an gairgeadaigh, gan cead,
a'r géile do anoir do fagail.

Do béanfainn cead, nían, a'r slí'g,
da noicead rin an Ghruagach Óg;
go d-tigidh rin ní sgarfaidh linn,
ar comhairle cinnte fir na mna.

"If I were to lose both legs and head,
The agility of my limbs and my heart's blood,
I would not let the woman go with thee;
Thy speech, though boastful, I dread not."

"I beseech thee, O valiant youth,"
Saith the Gruagach's gentle young wife,
"As he hath not done us more harm,
Let him go off quietly."

"Though difficult to me, O golden-haired,
And thou in grief, to refuse thy request,
For all the gold the earth ever bore
I would not yet let him depart."

"That is not right, O noble youth;
Hurt nor harm he hath not done to us;
I should regret thee, moreover,
To be prostrated before me by magic spells."

"O woman of fairest form and feature,
Do not grieve or fret for me;
I heed not hence his spells,
He shall never have me by them in bonds."

The mild and gentle young woman spoke,
And said, "O youth, of the powerful blades;
'Tis not worth while for the champion's crime,
And be obedient to him now."

"I would permit him to depart,
If he went to where the young Gruagach is,
Until he comes he shall not part us
Through the persuasions of man or woman."

Do ṙaiḋ an ḡairḡeaḃaċ ḋo ḡlóṙ ceann
coṙa a'ṙ ceann beiṙ ḋá n-díċ;
an díṙ ban béarṙaḃ liom,
ḡéill ḡo h-úṁal, nó ir aiṫeaċ díḃ.

Do ċuḡ an macaoiṁ móṙ,
baoṫ-léim ċróḋa ar ṙuaiḋ an Dúin;
ḡo b-ṙuair a lann liomṫa, a'ṙ a ṙleaḡ,
iona ḋá laiṁ ḋo lom lúiṫ.

Féaċ anoir le briḡ ḋo ḡeaṙa,
an ḃ-ṙiocṙa leaṫ mo ċuṙ ar ḡ-cúl;
le bṙaoiḡeaċt dúṙ an ċoiṙṙn ċṙoṙḋa,
ná fóṙ le ḡairḡe neiṙṙ a'ṙ lúṫ,

Do ṙaiḋ na mná ba áilne ḃeilḃ,
a macaoiṁ, t'feiṙṙḡ cuiṙ ar ḡ-cúl;
nó ir bár ḋúinne tríḃ ḡo beaċt,
ná déin beaṙt náṙ maire ḋúinn.

O ṙuaṙaiṙ ḋo ċoṙa ḋo ċuṙ fúḡaṫ,
riṫ a'ṙ lúṫ, neaṙt a'ṙ riaṁ;
níoṙ ċuiḃe ḋuit maṙ ḡeall ar ṗóiḡ,
ná díṫ, ná briṓn, a ḃeiṫ maṙ iaḋ.

Má ḃáḋaṙ mo ċoṙa ḋam díṫ,
ṙḡéal ḋo briḡ ḡeaṙa cruaiḋ,
ataiḋ fúḡaṁ anoir a ḡ-cóṙṙ,
a'ṙ leaṫ ná leṓ ní léiḡṙeaḋ iaḋ.

Ir maiṫ ḋo ṁéinn, a macaoiṁ móṙṙ,
ir ḡlan ḡo lóṙ ataá ḋo nún;
ir mire Ḡruaḡaċ Dhúna-an-Óṙṙ,
ḋo ċuiṙṙ ḋo ċoṙa ḡo cóṙṙ fúḡaṫ.

The champion spoke in fierce tones,
"Thy head and feet thou shalt lose;
The two women I will carry off;
Submit quietly, or thou shalt regret it."

The stalworth youth then gave
A light heroic bound the length of the Dun;
Till he took his lance and spear
In his two hands firm and fast.

"Now, try the power of thy spells,
To see if thou wilt make me retract,
By the sorcery of the magic horn,
Or by the valour of thy strength and might."

Saith the women of loveliest form,
"O youth, calm thy anger now,
Or we certainly will be put to death;
Commit no act that would degrade us.

"As thou hast got the use of thy limbs,
Speed and agility, strength and might,
'Twas not becoming thee for a kiss
To be in grief and sorrow like them."

"If I were in the want of my limbs,
Which occurred by hard spells,
They are now under me right,
And with you or them I will not let them go."

"Thy intention is good, O valiant youth,
And thy mind is pure and chaste;
I am the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir
That restored to thee thy limbs.

Is mé Gruagaċ an ġaḃair ḃain,
do ġlac ar láiṁ go dearḃ tú;
is mé do ḃuain do ċosa ḋíot,
d'ḟéaċainn do ġníoṁ a's do rún.

Is mé do ḋearḃráṫair caoṁ,
is fada mo réim ar do lorg;
anois ó ṫarlamar le ċéile,
táimse saor ar ḋraoiġeaċt an ċoirn.

Do rugaḋ siad láṁ ar láiṁ,
gráḋ ar ġráḋ, méinn ar ṁéinn,
do ṗógadar a ċéile le cumann croiḋe,
a's ní h-iongnaḋ linn sin mar sgéal.

Is iomḋa suairceas a's coṁráḋ caoin,
do ċan an ḋís sin go lá;
d'innis Gruagaċ Ḋhúna-an-Óir,
gur ġairid ḋóiḃ go raiḃ an náṁad.

Ann sin d'ḟiafraiḋ an fear mór,
créad an ród iona raiḃ an náṁaid;
diúltuiġim staonaḋ duit na ḋóiḃ,
go ḃ-faġaḋ cóir ar ḋul na n-dáil.

Gluaisid rompa iad araon,
an Gruagaċ tréan a's an fear mór;
ní raiḃ an ḋís sin fo'n ngréin;
ba ṫreise réim, neart, a's clóḋ.

D'innis an Gruagaċ do go raiḃ,
cúirt gan loċt a ḃ-fogus ḋóiḃ,
a's cúigear aṫaċ ar a n-dearaṁ;
gur ṁór an sgannraḋ dul na g-cóir.

"I am the Gruagach of the white hound,
That took thee truly in hands;
'Twas I that deprived thee of thy limbs,
To test thy valour and thy worth.

"I am thine own gentle brother,
Long am I in search of thee;
Now that we have met together
I am released from sorcery."

They clasped each other by the hand,
Love for love, and soul for soul;
They kissed each other from their hearts,
And no wonder to us the tale.

Much the cheerful pleasant converse,
The two had for the long night;
The Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir said,
That the foe was nigh at hand.

Then the big man enquired
What way were the foe approaching;
"I will not yield to thee nor to them
Till I can go before them."

The two went straight onward,
The stout Gruagach and the big man;
There were no two [men] under the sun
Who excelled them in sway and aspect.

The Gruagach informed him
That there was a fair mansion close at hand,
With five giants guarding it,
And that it was dangerous to approach them.

Nſoɲ b-ꝑaba ċuabaɲ aɲɲ aɲ ɣzleaɲɲ,
a'ɾ ɟab ɣo teaɲɲ meaꝑaḃ ḋóɪḃ;
ɣo ɣ-cluɪɲɪḋ ꝑoéɲam, tɲoɾt, a'ɾ ꝑuaɪm,
aɣ aṫaċ ɣɲuama aɲ buɪlle ṁóɲ.

Do ċoɲaɪɾcadaɲ ċúɣṫa aɣ teaċt ɣo bɪaɲ,
aɣuɾ ɾáɲ-lúɪɲɣ ɟaɲɲaɪɲɲ ɟoɲa ḋóɪḋ;
ba leɪṫe a ꝑúɪl ṅa aɲ ɲae,
a'ɲ ba ṁó a ꝑlaoɾɣ ṅa bolɣ bḋ.

Nſoɲ labaɪɲ ꝑocal leḋ ṅa ɣɪoɣ,
aċt teaċt le ꝑɪoċ-ɲɪṁ ɟoɲa ɲ-ḋeoɪɣ;
do'ɲ ɾáɲ-lúɪɲɣ ɟaɲɲaɪɲɲ ɣuɾ buaɪl béɪm,
aɲuaɾ a b-ꝑlaoɾɣ aɲ Aɲaḋáɪɲ Aṁóɲ.

Do ċuɪṫ aɲ ṫ-Aɲaḋáɲ aɲ a ḋá ɣlúɪɲ,
aɲɲ ɾɪɲ le ꝑúḋaɪɲ aɲ buɪlle ċóɪɲ;
do ꝑɲeab, a'ɾ da ɣɲeamaɪɣ le ꝑáɾɣa ɲíṁe,
ꝑá buɲ a ḋá ċíċ aɲ ṫ-aṫaċ ɲóɲ.

Tuɣaḋaɲ cuɪɲ ɣo teaɲɲ tɲéaɲ,
ɣoɪɲ a'ɾ baoɣal ɪɾ ḋaɲaoɪḋ bɲóɪɲ,
ɲí ɲaɪḃ ɾaṁuɪl ḋóɪḃ aɲaoɲ,
le ɲeaɲṫ a ɲ-aoɲ ball do'ɲ doṁaɲ ɲóɲ.

Do ċuɪɲɲɪɾ cɲoɪc aɲ cɲɪṫ ɣo ɲóɲ,
le ɲeaɲṫ ḋóɪḋe, cuɪɲɲ, a'ɾ cléɪḃ;
do ɣɲɪḋɪɾ toḃaɪɲ do ṫalaṁ ċɲuaɪḋ,
a'ɾ do ḃaɪɲḋɪɾ ꝑuaɪm a'ɾ cloċa ɾléɪḃ.

Doḃ' ɪoɲɣɲa leɪɾ aɲ Aɲaḋaɲ Aṁóɲ,
aɲ ṫ-aṫáċ cɲóḋa ɲeaɲṫ a ɣéaɣ;
ɣo ḃ-ꝑéaḋꝑaḋ ɾeaꝑaṁ leɪɾ cóṁ ꝑaḋa,
ṅa ꝑeaɲ ɾaɲ doṁaɲ le ɲeaɲṫ a béɪm.

They did not proceed far in the valley,
And they imagined themselves so stout,
Till they heard a noise, tumult, and uproar,
From the surly giant of the huge blow.

They saw him approach in great haste,
With an iron club in his hand;
His eye was larger than the moon,
And his head than the belly of a cow.

He spoke not a word nor tittle to them,
But came with venom on their track;
He gave a blow of the iron club
On the skull to the big man.

The Amadan fell on his two knees,
From the effects of the sure blow;
He suddenly arose, and with a determined grasp,
Under both breasts he held the huge giant.

They gave twists and turns so stout and strong,
Wounds, injuries, and cause of grief;
There were none like the two
For strength of limbs in the world wide.

They violently shook the hills
By the strength of their hands, bodies, and chests;
They made springs in the hard grouud,
And they produced echoes from the mountain rocks.

The Amadan Mor was much amazed
At the strength of the giant's arms;
How he withstood him so long,
Or a man on earth from the might of his blow.

Do ɡlac fearɡ ar t-Amadar Mór,
a'r tuɡ ɡo cródha ɡorr ɡo h-aerb;
ar ar b-fadaċ le fargad rírne,
ɡur buarr ar bíodɡa a'r cread cléirb.

Do ċóɡ fé ar t-adaċ ar a ċorp,
a'r do buail é ar ċloċ na fleirt ar lar;
do brir a ċorp 'fa ċroidhe na ċliab,
ɡo nairb na liarma marb triaṫ.

Ar uair fuair ar far-lúirɡ na dóid,
fear a cló vígh nairb le fáɡail;
vígh nairb ar laoċ rir fá'n ɡnéir,
ar a b-faɡad béim na nairb ar lar.

Triallar ann rir arteaċ do'n ċúirt,
ar Ɡruaɡaċ fionn, a'r ar fear mór;
a'r do fuair riad ceaṫrar aṫaċ ann,
do bí teann a nearr 'fa nglór.

Comhraicfe le fear do'n m-buidhin,
a Ɡhruaɡaiɡ ċaoin Dhúna-ar-Oir;
a'r fáɡṫar ormra bualad ar triuir,
a'r ví mairḟead bonn na builne dóib.

Ir lom do buail ɡaċ n-aon do'n triur,
builne dlúiṫ ar ar b-fear mór;
'rir ɡeann ɡur brir a ɡ-croidhe na ɡ-cliab,
le far-lúirɡ iarnainn ar aṫaiɡ mhóir.

Ar t-adaċ óɡ do bí ɡo buan,
aɡ comhrac Ɡhruaɡaiɡ Dhúna-ar-Óir,
do rɡnead ɡo luaṫ a'r ɡo lom,
a'r d'iarr cabair ar ar b-fear mór.

The Amadan Mor became angry,
And most valorously he wounded him to the liver;
From the giant, by a tremendous squeeze,
He took a groan and mournful sigh.

He raised the giant on his body,
And flung him down upon a rock;
He broke his body and the heart in his chest,
So that he became a motionless mass.

When he got the great club in his hand,
No man like him could be found;
There was not that hero under the sun
On whom he got a blow that he did not fall.

They then got into the mansion,
The fair Gruagach and the big man;
And they found four giants there,
Who were stout in strength and speech.

"Do thou fight one of them,
O gentle Gruagach from Dun-an-Oir;
And leave me to thrash the other three,
I will not yield a foot or blow to them."

Quickly did the three strike
Heavy blows on the big man;
And soon he broke their hearts in their bodies
With the great iron club of the big giant.

The young giant who was engaged
In conflict with the Gruagach of Dun-an-Oir,
He vehemently and piteously roared,
And asked for quarters from the big man.

Do ġeabaiṁ riṁ uaimne ġo h-ûṁal,
ma bíonn tú dílear dam ġa deó ;
do ġeall reirean an feaḃ a ṫaoiġil,
ġo n-deandfaḋ ṁáiṫ an fíṁ ṁóiṁ.

Do ġlac reilb ann ġaċ ball,
'na naiḃ anoir a ċuid ṫróiṁ ;
ní naiḃ ramuil dóiḃ a ḃur dó ċall,
le neart a m-ball fan doman mór.

"I will willingly concede thee that request,
If thou wilt be faithful to me for evermore;"
He promised that during his whole life,
He would obey the big man.

He took possession of each room,
Wherein were all their wealth;
Their equal was not here or there
For strength of arms in the wide world.

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